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election report

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

FEBRUARY 25, 1990

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VOL 93 NO 8

Lewis back in airport

Page 34

Page 24

The second coming

Page 11

Living it down

Page 38

Page 46



People	26	Health	42
Business	36	Account for the leaving the tear out of it.....	42
Cost of living of dual-income couples.....	36	Lifestyle	44
Cost of living of dual-income couples.....	36	How to get the most out of your car.....	44
World	30	Superstitions common in Iran from the cold.....	46
A diplomatic visit in Poland heralds shift in Italy's strategic U.S. aid for Gulf Service women.....	30	Travel	48
U.S.A.	36	Art.....	50
The candidates name up for the New Hampshire primary vaccine profile calls.....	36	Radio	52
The Olympic.....	38	Film	53
		Choosing The Government: The Human Factor.....	53
		Alan Portholles.....	53

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Editorial

Can the man in the iron mask heal the wounds?

By Peter C. Newman

Lucky Pierre, Canada's first existential hero has been granted that rarest of political benefactions: a second chance.

A mandate on the scale accorded the Liberal leader in this election amounts to a revolutionary instrument. It is his to wield for good or evil, as he returns to power at a time of unprecedented national angst. Trudeau's first assignment is to heal the wounds of partisan combat; calling a moratorium on the bickering which can harden dismay and frustration with the political process into cynicism and despair.

To achieve such a change of atmosphere, Trudeau will have to become much more accessible and responsive than the brooding, isolated creature he remained during most of the campaign. It was surely the most surrealistic of Canadian elections, with the winner acting like a latter-day Caesar in a scene from one of those primitive Panavision costume spectacles about the glories of Rome (The kind of film in which, the night before a decisive battle at the end of the second reel, the emperor paces his tent in lonely splendor, his proud shadow silhouetted by the glow of late-burning lamps.)

This man of many masks must now drop all pretence, come out of hiding and get down to the nitty-

gritty of governing a nation in upheaval in a world in turmoil. That will require Pierre Trudeau to alter his tactics in dealing with Quebec separatism. If, as the renegade Liberal prime minister, he exploits the amazing strength of his support in French Canada by attempting to displace Claude Ryan as the legitimate leader of the negative faction in René Lévesque's referendum, he will cripple the federalist cause.

At the same time, Trudeau must somehow bring into the heart of the decision-making process that essential half of the country west of the Lakeshead, which is only slightly less barren of Liberals 80% than the dark side of the moon. If Trudeau and his advisers return to their old tricks of freeing out "those Western bastards" because they didn't elect Grits, all the "Eastern bastards" may find themselves freeing in the dark. Trudeau must find a way of reversing the feeling of political abandonment by Ottawa for the sake of satisfying the demands of a militant Quebec which has characterized his stewardship for Western Canada.

For better and for worse, we have now placed the Liberals firmly in charge of the nation's affairs. Pierre Trudeau must be given a fair chance to prove that he can master his ultimate incarnation, not the buoyant flower child of the 1960s nor the philosopher-king of the 1970s—but the wise and tolerant statesman we need for the 1980s.



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Like mother, like son

By Peter Haineswood

It was Christmas time in New Delhi—still a few days away from the general election held Jan. 31 and 6—and at 12 Wellington Crescent a game was being played that will soon be having its impact on the lives of 400 million people. Indira Gandhi, her family and a few close friends were sitting around the lunchtable playing the "numbers game." The idea was to guess how many seats Gandhi's Congress-I Party would win at the polls. Gandhi herself said she thought about 200—not enough for a majority.

The estimates of the others varied between 340 and 500. Sharad Gandhi, 55, her controversial son, said in his soft voice, "We will win 350 seats." On come on, Sharad, everyone chafed, that's much too high. "Not only will we get that," Sharad insisted, "but I've already discounted it by 15 per cent." He turned out to be almost exactly right.

The story is being telling for two reasons. First, it shows Gandhi did not think she would win, even in the final run-up to the poll—and that accounts for her still-eclectic cabinet one month after the unprecedented victory. It also explains her failure so far to introduce measures to deal with spiralling prices, the economic slump and half a dozen other pressing problems. The second reason is that Sharad



Sharad, Indira Gandhi: five tough years.

Gandhi confided himself in the loving eyes of his mother as the only softly perceptive politician around, a man who understands the mind of the masses. His influence on her is now believed greater than ever, and his hold over other politicians and bureaucrats will increase commensurately. The people of India are in for a tough five years.

Gandhi has never really apologized for the excesses committed during her state of emergency in 1975 when she was last prime minister. Instead she said to the people "I did for me, and I will give you tough government." They did, and she will. And so will Sharad who, to some people, is little more than a tag. He has deliberately done much of the governing for his mother. Yet, as Congress the youth wing of the party is the cells of prisons throughout India, where he has been held on charges of rioting, assault and taking part in illegal demonstrations "You look around the prison," he told me once, "you see who has been arrested with you, and immediately you know you can count on them." More than a million Indians were forcibly sterilized during the emergency—more than 100 as high as seven million—and Sharad and his Youth Congress are believed responsible for providing the compulsion.

Today, as a member of parliament in his own right, Sharad is still the sharp operator of his mother's machine. During this busy pre-election period, while his mother assumes the complicated tasks she now controls and decides on government policies and legislation, Sharad has been dropping dark

hints about the future activities of his Youth Congress. Prices slumped immediately after the election, as merchants feared Indira Gandhi would take action against them for overcharging. Nothing happened, however, and consequently prices are spiralling again, with traders hoarding essential commodities such as sugar. When this was pointed out to Sharad a few days ago he said he would "first" ask government action before sending Youth Congress activists on "de-hoarding operations." This sounds frighteningly like newpeak for "smashing up shops."

In other words, Gandhi more of all is like a team of B-movie police interrogators. The one is sympathetic and correct, but if you haven't done exactly as you've been told, as soon as she's out of the room the other has his knee in your groin and is knocking out your teeth with his fist. There is evidence that India responds well to this sort of treatment. It is a massive, anonymous place. The 1961 survey lists nearly 3,000 languages, of which 15 are recognized in the constitution. It is impossible to marshal the nation into a well-disciplined army, and all any government can hope for is to get the people moving in approximately the same direction at the same time. Indians recognize that they need a special kind of rule, a sort of democratic authoritarianism. Gandhi seems likely to give it to them and, at the end of five harsh years, find they've had enough.

The battle for most of India's people is one of sheer survival. Two months a day, water, shelter, Gandhi has become their talkman. So long as people don't arrive at villages to find the roads by force, they believe she will work for their welfare. To some she is the cow that gives milk; to others, the reincarnation of a goddess.

There is certainly a regal aura about her. She is a well-built woman with a broad white streak in her hair and an entirely self-contained personality. She is close to no one outside her immediate family—and almost all of it to Sharad if a friend betrays her, she will not let a just be the same taken, to her audience, who is simple and indifferent. Sometimes she ignores them. During last month's dazzling Republic Day parade in New Delhi, which featured caparisoned elephants, tanks, soldiers, banners, aircraft and French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing sitting next to her, Gandhi spared hardly a glance for any of them. She spent the afternoon on the lawn, in public view, going through papers. The tough goddess, fringed and shined, needing no one. These are qualities that have made that particular electorate want her, very much indeed. And if she can keep things from getting out of hand, she might even do the nation some good.

Peter Haineswood is *Mailonline's* correspondent in New Delhi.

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The fever of inflation

By Anthony Griffin

Before the government fell last December, it seemed that inflation was about to be taken seriously. Now I'm not so sure. But it had better be look at the crowds lining up to buy gold. The "anchoring" effect is gathering and we are moving rapidly toward crisis. I almost hope it comes, preferring that to whippersnappers.

Why have we failed to recognize this socially corrosive, morally degrading destroyer which has so comically fastened itself to us? The first reason is that we have liked our inflation. During the 80 years that it has been created, we've experienced an unparalleled wave of economic expansion. I remember vividly the agonies and frustrations of the Great Depression.

And that sense of discovery when we transferred the responsibility for full employment and minimum standards of welfare from the private to the public economic sector. We abandoned with joy the untenable safeguards of the money system. We believed that by bringing the Bank of Canada under political control and ruling associations of trade withers in the gold standard and substituting human management of currency and credit, we could ensure full employment. Suddenly a whole new breed of God-fearing bureaucrats spring into being. How insignificant politicians made a most happy discovery. They found that through the expansion of paper money—thereby absolutely forbidden—could stimulate the economy at will. And miraculously they did—and we agreed them on.

The theory made sense: when unemployment rises, administer the drug; when it overheated, apply restraints. This process—known as fine-tuning—is now discredited. Good is theory, it only worked one way in practice. And it will never, in a democracy with human beings in charge, work both ways.

We all still foolishly think of economic management in terms of the trade-off between inflation and unemployment. But we have killed this trade-off by abuse. The slightest stimulus to aggressively inflation, the least restraint increases unemployment. What's clear to all who would not see it is that the growing, permanent inflation we have in not only a gross cause of unemployment but is undermining all other social benefits.

The second reason is that few of us know what inflation actually is. There is widespread belief that labor is the culprit—pressing for higher wages. The union blames it on the businessmen—maximizing their profits and profits. But these groups, using their power—sometimes ruthlessly—are only trying to keep ahead of the game. The real cause is clear: inflation is a debasement of the currency. And the central government, being in sole charge of the money system, is the sole originator.

Another misconception is our failure to distinguish between high prices and inflation. We believe that high prices

are inflation. Whereas, of course, they are the result. We fail to differentiate between the fever which we feel and the disease which is eating away at our guts. So we call on government to treat the fever and, finally, government is forced to consider wages and price controls.

For two reasons I think this would be a serious mistake. First, because these measures have never worked anywhere. Second, because they attack the wrong target and obscure the real cause. They lead to appalling distortions, build waste, breed evasion and dishonesty.

The government is responsible for the money system and hence directly for the inflation. But it's our government and it's in response to our demands and expectations is obdurate in the democratic process that this condition exists. An enormous complex of social benefits—education, health care, unemployment insurance and social security—has been built. These benefits, so desirable to anyone brought up in the Western liberal tradition, have eaten our ability to pay for them. So we have a budgetary deficit—\$40 billion. (The United States has one of about \$40 billion. Make your own comparison.) This deficit has to be financed. How have we done it?

By printing the money. This process must stop now. There is nothing out of the Black of Canada in gradually reducing the rate at which the money supply is increased. I'm skeptical of gradualism. An element of shock is needed.

A land has now been given by the U.S. and we must take it up at once. The new government must apply not just a reduction of increases in its expenditures but drastic cuts to eliminate the deficit and the money printing which "pays" for it.

Hardship? Of course. Political difficulties? Certainly. Those who are calling for an end to the debasement of the currency are stigmatized "reactionaries," "heartless people" who would ease the burden at the expense of the underprivileged. But the fact is we can't sustain present government expenditures out of tax revenues, however worthy the cause. We must pay for it.

Believe me, there will be no substitute for meeting it out and it will be painful. I wish we were morally more ready for tough medicine. We're living high off the hog for so long that we simply can't comprehend and unconsciously, let alone hardship. The last budget—whether or not you build the details—was a first recognition that we have a structural problem. It promptly brought a government down. Will the next budget recognize the situation—and decide it consequently? The alternative is breakdown. If our political system is powerless to deal with inflation after it passes a certain point—and that point is coming within sight—the next stage is anarchy. Do we want that?

A director of several large Canadian businesses, Anthony Griffin is chairman of the Halifax Insurance Company.



'We've been living high off the hog for so long...'

Follow-up

Arguing with bullets on the Cuba front



New York anti-Castro pickets vengeance

Eduardo José Negroni, 36, was leaving his home in Union City, New Jersey, when two men in old coats emerged from bushes at the side of the road. Negroni pushed his 12-year-old son away from him. Calmly, coldly, the men aimed their semi-automatic machine guns. There were two short bursts of fire and Negroni fell dead with five bullets in his chest and head. It was an execution of vengeance. Negroni's crime was that he wanted to foster better relations between his native Cuba and the United States.

Now, less than 20 years after the ill-fated Bay of Pigs invasion, anti-Castro groups centered in Miami, Florida, and Union City are unleashing an extraordinary campaign. Nearly two years ago *Meekins* (July 24, 1978) examined the origins of Cuban violence in Miami. It appeared then that as the members of the militant Bay of Pigs Fighters Association, Brigade 2506, grew older their ranks would thin and their "cause" eventually die. That no longer seems to be the case.

Following the Cuban revolution, tens of thousands of refugees fled to the U.S., the majority making their homes in the Miami area. But others, particularly in recent years, have moved north in search of jobs in Union City, across the Hudson River from Manhattan. It now has a Cuban population second in New

York to Miami's, more than half the city of 70,000 is of Cuban descent. And here, anti-Castro violence is growing apace.

Negroni's assassin has not been caught, but an anonymous caller told the Associated Press the day after the shooting that the clandestine and much feared terrorist group known as "Organos Seven" was claiming responsibility for the December killing. It has promised to murder any Cuban-Americans who dare to deal with Fidel Castro. In the past five years Organos Seven's name is believed to be a pseudonym for the Cuban Nationalist Movement—but has claimed responsibility for 18 bombings in the New York area. On Oct. 27 they bombed the Cuban Mission to the United Nations, two weeks after a visit by Fidel Castro. Last April, Carlos Maza Vazquez, who helped arrange flights to Cuba, was murdered in Puerto Rico and responsibility was claimed by Communist Cuba, a counterpart of Organos Seven. Two members of the Union City branch of Organos Seven are being sought for a Kennedy Airport bomb blast March 25 which, had it gone off in flight, could have killed 180 airline passengers.

The new violence has come at a time when moderates—like Negroni—are starting to forge a new "dialogue" with

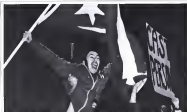
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Cubans in New York: the cause still fires

the Castro regime. They have attracted far dozens of families, split by the revolution, to visit the island again, and recently praised Castro when he released a large number of political prisoners. They have set up regular flights from the New York area to Havana and encouraged U.S. President Jimmy Carter to recognize Cuba. They argue that the war against Castro is well and truly lost and that now is the time to accept the situation. Right-wing and militant Cuban Americans are of course furious at these developments. What is surprising, however, is that they have been able to recruit young members of the community—ones and women born in the U.S. who have never actually been to Cuba—and revitalize the old cause. They swear that they will never rest until Castro is overthrown. Federal officials in New York and Washington feel that some of the young people who have now swelled the ranks of Omega Seven see the organization as a romantic undertaking. They may also feel that they can gain power through fear within the Cuban community.

An anti-Castro group grew in Union City, the right-wing Cubans in Miami Bay, for the first time, opened the membership rolls of the Bay of Pigs Veterans Association. Previously all members had to be actually fight in the invasion, but now the major qualification is just a hatred of Castro. Membership is seen as a very prestigious affair in Miami, and within two days of opening the membership there were 225 applications.

Federal authorities also report that Abdul, an anti-Castro youth group, and Alpha 65, a Miami-based group that has staged commando raids on Cuba, have massed membership "grmly". The groups have all been belated by the arrival of Cuban political prisoners in recent months, and promises of instability in Cuba. More than 3,000 prisoners and members of their families have arrived in Miami since an agreement for the release of 3,000 political

prisoners was reached in November, 1978, between the Castro government and a Cuban exile group called the Committee of 75.

Pedro Pablo Kuczynski, press secretary for the Bay of Pigs Veterans, says: "The arrival of the prisoners has given new life to the brigade and brought a new awareness of conditions in Cuba. Many Cuban prisoners have been in prison for 50 years, and they want to do anything they can to help now." Then he decried the Cuban separatist group: "We also have reports about a possible resurgence in Cuba and these have contributed to the revival. We want to be prepared. The youth must be trained to fight to get back their homeland when the time comes." **William Lowther**

The little man's man still packs his conscience

Six years ago David Lewis was waging a losing campaign as leader of the federal New Democratic Party. Today the former labor lawyer fits his time as an author, journalist, professor of political science and principal politician associated at Carleton University's Institute of Canadian Studies. Speculator the politics of the little man, of course, and popular movements such as when people and the Canadian Labor Congress. "They're using me as a living victim," Lewis jokes.

But if the manner is humbler than in the past, the voice of socialism for the workingman hasn't softened a whit. "The NDP voted down John Cranburn's budget because they couldn't accept it... because it was against [small] interest groups, of value only to the big boys."

All of which is reminiscent of Lewis' 1978 campaign, his first as leader of the

NDP, during which he chased "corporate welfare busts" and won the party 21 seats and himself a reputation as Canada's political conscience. Two years later, in the 1979 election campaign, he attacked Tory leader Robert Stanfield's wage and price control platform, only to be trotted from behind by a resurgent (and, it turned out, duplicitous) Pierre Trudeau. "I should have copied Trudeau with Stanfield much earlier on," Lewis says now. To some observers, NDP leader Ed Broadbent seemed to be making the same mistake in the latest campaign, by going after Trudeau much more tentatively than after Joe Clark and his Tories. But Lewis disagrees. "Broadbent ran the only positive campaign around. He asked people to take a look at the NDP..." It's still the only political party in Canada, in my view, if I can use a corny phrase, that still puts people first." As for the so-called "Trapezoid" Trudeau, Lewis doesn't "for one moment believe all this reluctance business." The former prime minister is still the same man of whom Lewis once said in Parliament: "There isn't for the grace of Pierre Elliott Trudeau any God."

Oratory's loss, however, may be Canadian social history's gain. In between classes, lettering across the country



Lewis with grandchildren: in this country view, the NDP still puts people first

and writing the occasional newspaper column, Lewis is putting the first touches on the first volume of a two-volume history of the CCF and the NDP—"with some emphasis on my role in it." The party's name has changed, so have its leaders, but in any political sense graduate student at Carleton will tell you, the NDP's purpose never will—"change for the better without the convulsions, and needing governments to strive for that change," says the 62-year-old man of Canadian society.

IAN BROWN

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Q&A: Bob Goudzwaard

Reluctant rider on NATO's wagon

In December the North Atlantic Treaty Organization made one of the most crucial decisions of its 51-year history to modernize its European nuclear strike force with 575 medium-range nuclear missiles aimed directly at the Soviet Union. Although the NATO decision was termed a "consensus," the Netherlands, Belgium and Denmark objected to the new weapons. In light of U.S. saber-rattling in response to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, many Europeans and quarters the NATO decision, says Bob Goudzwaard, a prime mover in the Dutch opposition to involvement. A former member of the Dutch parliament, economist, author, supporter of European autonomy and influential policy adviser to the Christian Democratic Appeal (CDA), the party in power in the Netherlands, Goudzwaard opposes the

NATO decision on the grounds that justice, not fear, ought to be the norm for international relations; even in the case of earlier weapons. During a recent visit to Canada, Goudzwaard was interviewed for *Macleans* by free-lance writer Roberta Green.

Macleans: A chivalrous current in Europe says that the U.S. is willing to fight the Soviets in the last European. What role did that fear play in the NATO decision?

Goudzwaard: A crucial role. To take a step back, fear was a major factor in the birth of NATO. Paul-Henri Spaak opened its first session with these words: "Now comes your turn." We are all afraid. With safety as our first goal, any action necessary to fight our fear is in my opinion, however, it is better to act according to principles of

'Europe is asking for the destruction of the world'

justice for international relations than according to fear.

Macleans: Great Britain, West Germany, and Italy backed the NATO decision because they saw a need to maintain a defense link with the U.S. How is that link important?

Goudzwaard: The link became important when Henry Kissinger told NATO's 30th anniversary assembly last fall not to event too heavily on the protection of the U.S. strategic nuclear umbrella, implying that Europe should look after its own defense. Some nations—Great Britain, West Germany and Italy among them—then said that Europe had to do everything possible to maintain a link to these U.S. strategic forces. Installing 575 U.S.-made, U.S.-owned, U.S.-controlled medium-range missiles was viewed as one way to assure U.S. involvement should Europe be attacked. Europe's military link to the U.S. also raises an ethical problem because by seeking U.S. strategic aid in the case of an attack, Europe is in effect asking for the destruction of the world.

Macleans: What would be the effects of breaking the link between Western Europe and U.S. strategic deterrence?

Goudzwaard: First, it is almost unimaginable that a European nuclear force could ever equal the combined conventional and nuclear force of the Soviet Union. So breaking the link to the U.S. leaves Europe to cope with a power it cannot cope with at all in response, some Europeans say we should just give up while others say we will have to spend more for weapons than ever before.

Macleans: NATO planners believe the new missiles will both strengthen the alliance and give it an important new bargaining chip with the Soviet Union. Why then, did the Dutch parliament oppose the decision?

Goudzwaard: First, the CDA saw the NATO proposal as an over-reaction to what was happening in the Soviet Union. When in 1963, the number of Soviet SS-9 missiles installed will be fewer than the 575 of NATO. Second, the CDA insisted that NATO first try to negotiate with the Soviet Union to cut back its SS-20s before bringing in more weapons. The Dutch cabinet was willing to accept the number of SS-9 if the U.S. could promise that SALT II would be passed. Without SALT II, the new weapons only enlarge the arms race and destroy the hope for agreement in SALT II, designed to deal with medium-range missiles.

Macleans: Was the opposition of the Netherlands, Belgium and Denmark to the NATO decision a sign of resistance to U.S. dominance in Europe?

Goudzwaard: Yes. We felt that something was being forced down our throats. Motivated between the superpowers, we smaller nations feel we have no choice to be heard in any way that will change the decision of NATO. So we are revolting. In fact, NATO is taking its own existence. If it does not leave room for our opinion, sooner or later we may opt out. I do not think NATO is fully aware of that risk.

Macleans: What role could Canada play in NATO?

Goudzwaard: First let me point out that the question of returning Europe, one of the most crucial elements in world politics, is absent from the present Canadian election campaign. Unless Canada takes a stand on this issue, a stand different from that of the U.S., it will be



'We enslave ourselves by our devotion to security'

almost impossible for the nations of Europe to change U.S. policy. We need an ally to restrict the excessive growth of nuclear weapons in the West. Canada could be that ally.

Macleans: What alternatives are there to an increase in nuclear arms?

Goudzwaard: Somewhere we have to find the courage to become vulnerable and hope that we can open up the possibility for the other side to back down. I call it limited vulnerability. It is not just a jump in the darkness. We have to negotiate. Then, if the Soviet Union shows no willingness to cut back its nuclear force, we may have to take stronger measures. Also, there is the probability of a no-first-use declaration. If both NATO and the Soviet Union would make such a declaration, these weapons could begin to neutralize each other and yet

be ready for use if either party breaks the agreement.

Macleans: It is a no-first-use declaration a real possibility?

Goudzwaard: NATO refuses to risk it, and I have tried again and again to convince them, because no-first-use takes away a maximum deterrent threat. And, no doubt, NATO is considering first-use, especially in the Middle East. If oil supplies are threatened.

Macleans: Do you think there is a real willingness to stop the arms race?

Goudzwaard: No, I don't think there is. And that is why these things have to be

told. I think there is hope only if people in the West realize that they are betraying themselves as I said earlier. The Soviet Union is not just a communist devil, there is a human face behind the mask. The West is not just an innocent party with no ill intentions. To understand that we have to look at the religious root of the issue, the meaning of life. We have to come to understand that we endanger ourselves and our whole society by giving our total devotion to the goal of guaranteed safety. That cannot be the meaning of life. That is where justice comes in. ☐

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Towns that came in from the coal

The last to leave the dying town of Königshafen in West Germany will be the dead. Their remains will be transferred from the local cemetery only a few days before Königshafen is pronounced vacant and turned over to the excavator machines for destruction. Only the Lübke family will stay to the end to oversee the move to another cemetery because, as the eldest member, 77-year-old Hermann, put it, "We have more kin under the ground than above it now." The local priest, Father Rudolf Werts, will also drop over to Königshafen for the occasion—scheduled for this coming summer—



made to both reduce dependency on NATO's fuel oil and to compensate for a slowdown in the country's nuclear program following public outcries against the building of new nuclear powerhouses. Coal currently provides 58 per cent of West

Königshafen's last wall (left) and the new town: the houses are a jigsaw filled

family are able to persuade the old folks to move because of the chance to get a modern house." But not everybody feels a modern home to be proper compensation for the loss of familiar surroundings. Hermann Lübke in Königshafen, for one, says, "For seven centuries our town's surrounded plateau, forests, red-gum stride and world wars—in succession to big business. Can Rheinbraun re-create the past for us?"

But even if Lübke had it in his mind to resist the move—which he doesn't—there would be no way of fighting Rheinbraun. Under a well-established law, the company, which owns almost all of West Germany's 55 billion tons of brown coal reserves, has the right to exploit a 940-square-mile area regardless of who lives on the ground above the coal. To defuse protest, Rheinbraun has adopted the practice of buying or first-class buying for displaced villagers, paying farmers about 50 per cent more for their land than it is legally bound to offer and giving five-year advance warnings to people who have to be moved.

After the relocation, the new land is often more productive than the old because Rheinbraun grades fields to have a two-per-cent southward tilt, to increase exposure to the sun. Understandably, few of the old farmers resist the temptation to buy their land back. It may be unreasonable, but they still find it easy to think of it as home.

Peter Lewis



from the new village where he and most of the doomed town's 2,500 inhabitants have already been relocated.

Like many other towns and villages in the Rhineland over the past two decades, Königshafen is being obliterated by a private mining concern, the Rheinbraun Lignite Mining Company, which covers the rich deposits of brown coal (lignite) winding just a few feet under its streets and houses. Yet the residents of Königshafen, like the 35,000 people scattered elsewhere in the area by Rheinbraun, have departed without complaint because the company has purchased their new homes and generally taken every care to see that the move goes off smoothly.

Königshafen's death sentence was signed the day surveyors found that it stood directly in the path of machines sweeping out a 34-square-mile open pit in a coal-rich area lying between Cologne and Düsseldorf. Though work on the pit started more than two years ago, the pace was stepped up last summer as a result of Germany's decision to rely increasingly on coal. That move was



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Letters

Moaning a piece of the rock

With regards to Peter C. Newman's editorial, *A Great and Beautiful Land Without White Mothers More* (Jan. 21), about his trip to the U.S.S.R., I must express my surprise at finding the statements that "any government that bans punk rock can't be all bad" and "freedom means everything" in the same article. I believe that Mr. Newman has missed the very point he was attempting to make. If he has a distaste for punk rock, which is perhaps understandable, he should express it. I feel, however, it is irresponsible to condone a government for taking such a typically fascist act as banning an art form.

HORMAN GONTROFEDGER, TORONTO

No more hard-core

I wholeheartedly agree with Dr. Suzuki's argument for more emphasis on a scientific education for our would-be politicians. However, I would take issue with him on one point in his article *Science Should Start With A's* (Jan. 21). Doesn't he know that in our schools, in Ontario at least, the three R's themselves are no longer core subjects?

N.J. EDWARDS, BARTY REX MARIE, ONT.

David Suzuki's article clearly defines the failure of our educational system to keep up with scientific/technological advances. The system's teaching is 50 years behind the progress of the world in which we live and the effect that the scientific/technological changes have had on our physical and mental systems. No longer can politicians, lawyers, econ-



Suzuki: wholehearted agreement, but...

omists, businessmen, educators or the average citizen be functionally capable without some understanding of the impact of science and technology on the social system. Our educational institutes from secondary school through the first two years of university should have mandatory scientific education courses in science and technology for all students.

J.J. GIBSON, VICTORIA, B.C.

Sexual politics

Congratulations on one of the most forceful statements on the disadvantaged situation of women that I have seen, and certainly the clearest (*The 10-Per-Cent Minority*, Jan. 21). I have a suggestion: Doris Anderson should start a women's party and run candidates for office at all three levels of government. Whether or not she gets anyone elected, she'd get an impressive vol-

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ume of publicity and focus attention on the inquiries she wants to correct. The utter severity of the sinology would guarantee front-page coverage across the country. And it might well be that the idea would be taken up in other countries. Ms. Anderson may have some thought that, since the suggestion comes from a man, the tongue is in the cheek. I assure you that I am completely serious.

NORMAN HODGKINSON, TORONTO

Anderson: a tongue out in the cheek



Alternative medicine

The small victories in the cancer war are indeed small. Efforts have been and will be spent on orthodox research projects like those mentioned in your article *Small Victories in the War on Cancer* (Jan. 14). Is this money being put to the best use? It has been proved in many studies that some patients who have had no treatment whatsoever do better than the patients who have the best therapy medical science has to offer. Of the many billions spent on cancer research, there has been literally nothing spent on researching nutrition in cancer therapy. By eliminating "dead" foods like meat, milk and bread foods, by increasing live foods like fresh vegetables and fruits, cancer patients can and do feel better and some get better. Mother Nature heals if the tools are available. All we have to do is help the patient help himself. Chemotherapy, radiation and excruciating surgery would seem to have the opposite effect. These types of therapies restrict the bulk of all research funds. This is a call for a more balanced approach to cancer. Let's investigate diet, vitamins and enzymes. Research projects like this are frowned upon by the funding authorities and the cancer societies. Donors should insist that part of the money given by them should be spent on the nutritional approach to cancer.

DR. S. CLARK GREEN,
PRINCE ALBERT, SASK.

Mr. J. W. Clark
13777 163rd Avenue
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Labor pains

Doug Fetherling's article *Reinventing the Bank and Pile* (Jan. 14) contains more distortions than insights into the Canadianization of the labor movement of our country. Fetherling's basic error is that he is unable to distinguish between independence and autonomy. If he were, he would have questioned Neil Reimer as to what good autonomy is, when the strike fund is kept in the U.S. or when the Canadian section of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers is constitutionally relegated to a subservient position whenever the American and Canadian sections of the union do business. Fetherling is, in my opinion, dead wrong when he asserts that the most significant aspect of the recent moves toward Canadianization of our labor movement has been decisions by the American unions to freely relinquish their stronghold over Canadian workers. The most significant aspect, to my mind, has been the open revolt and breakaways from the American unions by their Canadian counterparts. Reimer, the so-called "grand old man of energy unionization," is right when he says that Canadians want their own unions. That is why they are unlikely to be satisfied with the wind-drying autonomy that the OCAC is offering. Until we have made known that we are independent, Canada will not have a labor movement that is free.

JOHN E. LANG, SECRETARY-TREASURER,
CONFEDERATION OF CANADIAN UNIONS
TORONTO

A textbook case

I feel that one of the areas neglected in your article on Canadian book publishers, *Black and White and Red All Over* (Dec. 20), is the market for Canadian textbooks. Except for Ontario, no province has an unequivocal policy that requires its approved textbooks to be Canadian-authored and -produced. Implementation of this policy would increase the market size for Canadian texts by millions of dollars annually. The result would be a financial boost to Canadian publishing and the replacement of Canadian adaptations and imported texts in our classrooms. The provinces always respond to this by stating that their highest priority is the quality of learning materials, not national origin. However, no province has a systematic way of judging the superiority, or lack of it, of programs by nationality that are submitted for approval. The money at present is that Ontario's policy is less than beneficial because it spends less per pupil on textbooks than any other province.

RODNEY STUBBINS,
COPP CLARK PYMANT, TORONTO



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Raymond E.C. does back in 1993. Some very interesting: Raymond employs over 3,500 people, produces 342 million board feet of lumber and 300,000 tonnes of pulp per year, and does £302 million in sales.

products means they're rarely in the public eye. Flygt pumps, Aimco brake components, Blackburn electrical hardware, and Barton industrial instruments, are good examples. So is ITT Cannon.

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Cannon maintains a large



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Developed by Conoco Elastic, the horizontal geophysical connector is acknowledged to be the best in the industry and currently plays a key role in oil and gas exploration in such places as The North Slope and South Alaska.

research and development operation in Canada, 80% of its goods are manufactured in Whitby; 10% are assembled there; a mere 10% are imported for resale. Sales have nearly tripled in three years (and 60% of those are exported).

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THE SECOND COMING

By Robert Lowe

For his fifth national campaign, the goldinger transformed himself into a monk with a mask and he walked nearly in an 18-cent shadow. He rose like Lazarus from a political grave to claim the most reawakening parliamentary history of his career. Along the way he invoked the spirits from his past, including Maclean's King and even John Diefenbaker. But at the finish, in solemn retirement, to a hushed Ottawa victory bash, he besought the creator "May God help us all in the decade that's beginning."

Pierre Trudeau's pious—and a coded acceptance of the nation's Canada's—honesty prime minister—was not simply a manifestation of hope-wariness at the end of the trail. He knew, he got plenty of rest, a fact that prompted him to wonder during one of the frequent falls in his campaign on an Atlantic swing "What am I supposed to do now—go back to sleep?" Nor had he yet put his shoulder to the weight of three volumes of transitive documents awaiting him as the problems in the months ahead. The real burden was in the tribulation of the 148 Liberal seats, all but two east of Manitoba (see box page 28) Trudeau's victory prize this week was a leave new one.

We will govern far every part of the country "But the nature of his leave was sobering, extending only from Bonaville to Lake of the Woods, and but a single provincial Liberal seat in the West.

"The party," says B.C. Liberal Senator Ray Fennell, "is vocal by many in B.C. as some other three anchored in the East. The election came too soon for the four western Liberal parties." Adds Ari Phillips, who ran third in Vancouver Centre "I tried to tell them [not to defeat the government] but they chose

not to listen." In Astoria, Saskatchewan, or Les Gousses survived with a reduced plurality but was bitter about the national result. "Eastern Canada wanted change and from the West and Trudeau convinced them that he could supply it." In private, over drinks, there

last year, Trudeau planned to sustain Parliament in April after a short vacation. His immediate priority, according to the title of one Trudeau book prepared by the cabinet office, is "government organization and structures." Official circles think there is "a three-day window" for a new

run to decide on the nature of his ministry before sharing power with its members. Trudeau is to reorganize the cabinet system, but to keep the most cabinet—known mainly for the ministers excluded from the weekly meeting—and to re-establish an inner council of leaders (Privy and Planning Committee) whose names will be selected. "Trudeau," says one senior official, "is an institution. He'll go back to what he's familiar with." Whether that means many of the same old faces in another matter, since the big majority affords Trudeau an opportunity to rank decisions of relevance by striking a team of fresh faces (see story page 22).

Trudeau also has a two-week-thick volume on pressing issues emerging from the pending decision on fighter aircraft to the issue of a Moscow Olympics boycott. Trudeau's two prime areas of concentration will be energy—and he

Trudeau back in power after 272 days

reform

was more extreme talk about the prospects of western separatism. Little wonder that Trudeau was strongly that amidst the euphoria in Ottawa is that he expressed "grudging admiration" for Clark, whose concession was as graceful as the pass in his wife's painful eyes. Trudeau, master of a reawakening inquiry, promised to consult with the mainly western-based Conservatives and STP. But first there was the matter of consulting with his inner circle.

Mindful of Clark's slow start in office

can now admit it—constitutional reform

The government has until July to hammer out a new oil pricing formula—and because may be the most just. As near as Trudeau's determination to reduce the take from higher prices going to producing provinces and the companies in the heart of the oil patch this month, he told a Calgary audience "We can't keep Canada strong by making Manitoba or Ontario or the Atlantic area weak." This, predicts one Trudeau staffer, means "there will be fights" with Alberta and the nationalists, especially since one of Trudeau's few



specific undertakings—sing with dancing the 15-cent gas tax increase—was to moderate increases in the price of fuel.

Trudeau's concentration on the constitution—intensified by the looming referendum in Quebec—is expected to lead to a first ministers' conference in the fall and a proposal for proportional representation—that is, adding unelected members to an expanded House on the basis of the popular vote (In Western Canada, for example, the Liberals took 24 per cent of the popular vote but only 2.6 per cent of the seats. The PCs, meanwhile, had 22.7 per cent of the Quebec vote but a scant 1.3 per cent of the ridings.)

In addition to flaking out his vague election platform (see box, page 13), the new government will have to face some old business—"taxes," says an official, "that was left over from the last couple of governments." Among these items approval of \$5.1 billion in spending for the 1979-80 fiscal year which ends in March, tax measures from Jean Chrétien's November, 1978, budget and passage of a new Bank Act. "Well," as Trudeau put it, "welcome to the 80s."

For bruised and battered Tories on Feb. 18, the number that lodged in the crew was 272—the totality of their days in power in his first inaugural address.

A teary Menzies, a graceful Clark, at Spruce Hill make an end to straight-talking



Ale Lusselle asserted that "no government proper ever had a province in its organic law for its own termination." There was, in retrospect, one—Clark's law that he would govern in the manner of a majority. "I expect," he said the day after his election last May, "that the Opposition parties will all want to give a new government a chance to present our program to Parliament."

They certainly did—seven long months. The trouble was that the customary period of on-the-job training for a new government turned into an uneasy apprenticeship because of the 15 consecutive years the Tories had spent in Opposition. Like Clark himself, the government vacillated between bouts of free conviction and indecisiveness. Matters like the Jerusalem embassy move, Clark said at his first Ottawa

Trudeau greets the multitude at victory party in Ottawa; he kisses Ale Lusselle

press conference, "are now beyond discussion as to their appropriateness." At the same time, John Crosbie was off on a rocky course with his cabinet suggesting that the new team might not be able to meet all its promises. Old went the promised personal tax cut. Its estate a revised mortgage and tax credit scheme for which Crosbie evaded no particular risk. Robert Stanfield was dispatched to the Middle East to pull a Persian carpet out from under the Jerusalem embassy issue. A memo was launched to review the proposal to sell Petro Canada to the private sector.

Ironically, a party with a very sophisticated polling system did not bother to sample the mood of the efficiency and



Lusselle and Ed Broadbent at Ottawa celebration; a barren East, a blossoming West

Quite understandably, the PCs also miscalculated the mood in Liberal ranks after Trudeau announced his retirement in November. The Tories assumed they could get the budget through while the Grits searched for a new leader. What they had forgotten already was the Liberal party's penchant for responding to push—namely a 25-point lead. Even after the surprise defeat in the House on Dec. 18, and Trudeau's unexpected return, the Tories still were convinced of the righteousness of their mission and their ability to win on Crosbie's budget. "They wanted to govern with too badly," says one party advisor. "But the first rule of governing well is governing politically—getting public opinion on your side." Immigration Minister Ron Atkey, defeated by Liberal John Roberts in Toronto's hell-mitcher St. Paul's, agrees. "We tried to go from point A to point C and we should have gone through point B."

Reps Dietrichman, Terry MP Peter Rostall, re-elected with a reduced margin. "When you have a national policy you have to straighten, you're in trouble." Other party members predicted the end of straight-talking campaign. "Maybe." News Scotia campaign manager Jerry Redmond reflected bitterly, "Canadians have set a precedent in fur-



August, on the eve of the cabinet's retreat to the gates of Jasper for a press-media stall session. The shocking news is the pill was that while voters had high expectations that the Tories could handle major problems, few people believed they would keep their word. Prodded by Clark intimate Lowell Murray, later to be made a senator, the cabinet renewed its commitment to campaign undertakings.

There also arose a bloody-minded attitude about facing the people with harsh economic medicine in the form of stiff tariffs on gasoline and diesel fuel. As a diverging, twinning sidebar, Clark also made good on his promise to turn more power over to the provinces in the form of ownership of all-shares resources and to consult with provinces of nonproducing provinces on a new price for oil and gas. This unfortunate set of operations caused Clark nothing but grief from his political friends. First, Ontario Premier Bill Davis dumped on the proposed hike in prices and Alberta's Peter Lougheed kept shifting ground on an energy deal. By the time Clark's government met Parliament, as one federal official snickered put it, "the offer to purchase was there, but we couldn't get a signature." Nor any firm revenue numbers for the Crosbie budget.

Clip and save

On his way to winning a majority Liberal government Pierre Trudeau made the following promises and proudly commitments:

- Keep unit price hike in 1980 below \$4 (about 14 cents per gallon of gas)
- Increase the federal government share of any loss of revenue according to the producing province because of higher prices
- Expedite construction of a natural gas pipeline to the Atlantic
- Strengthen and expand Petro-Canada
- Ensure the energy sector is at least 50% controlled by Canadians by 1990 (now 75%—oil is foreign-controlled)
- Create the Atomic Energy Corp. of Canada to research renewable energy sources
- Require Canadian National to double-back portions of its Winnipeg-to-Manitoba main line over the next eight years in order to avoid wheel deliveries
- Tweak the monthly Guaranteed Income Supplement for the elderly by \$20 per household at a cost of \$575 million
- Expand the mandate of the Foreign Investment Review Agency to allow it to periodically reevaluate the benefit to Canada

of large foreign-owned companies in areas such as export promotion and to raise government-owned companies to Canadian ownership of Canadian assets.

- Change government supply policy to give first preference to Canadian firms
- Increase research and development spending in the sciences from 3.9 per cent of Gross National Product to 5.5 per cent
- Follow a foreign policy designed to deter the Soviet Union from further Japanese
- Support a boycott of the Moscow Olympics only if joined by most other industrial and Western nations
- Allow the courts to rule on all other provinces have control of the natural resources of their coasts
- Use federal power to bring all the provinces back to ensuring universal access to free markets
- Try to change the U.S. decision to move its Alaska oil down the B.C. coast by tanker, rather than overland on a Canadian pipeline
- Allow government spending to grow no faster than the growth of the economy
- Pay for all new promises either by cutting existing programs or increasing taxes, particularly corporate taxes

Ian Anderson

East is east, west is west

	1980*	1979
	% of pop. vote seats	% of pop. vote seats
LIBERALS		
Yukon N.W.T.	37.1	0
B.C.	22.2	0
Alta.	21.3	0
Sask.	24.3	0
Man.	25.0	2
Ont.	41.9	82
Que.	88.2	71.9
N.B.	50.2	7
N.S.	40.0	5
P.E.I.	48.9	2
Nfld.	47.9	6
Total	42.8	146

	1980*	1979
	% of pop. vote seats	% of pop. vote seats
TORIES		
Yukon N.W.T.	31.6	2
B.C.	41.4	16
Alta.	55.4	21
Sask.	36.9	7
Man.	37.6	5
Ont.	36.2	33
Que.	12.7	1
N.B.	25.3	3
N.S.	38.0	5
P.E.I.	46.4	2
Nfld.	39.7	2
Total	39.0	123

	1980*	1979
	% of pop. vote seats	% of pop. vote seats
NDP		
Yukon N.W.T.	21.1	1
B.C.	36.0	12
Alta.	10.4	0
Sask.	35.2	7
Man.	33.4	7
Ont.	21.8	5
Que.	9.0	0
N.B.	16.2	0
N.S.	20.8	0
P.E.I.	6.3	0
Nfld.	17.0	0
Total	19.8	32

Seaside Credit

The Social Credit's popular vote fell to 1.6% (4.0% in 1979) as the party failed to win a single seat in the House of Commons late in 1979.

*Weighted, as of Feb. 10 (due to the death of a candidate on a previous ballot, a by-election was held in Alberta on Jan. 20 to elect one seat).

ture elections, you don't level with them, you say nothing."

The most dramatic indication of the result came with the defeat of Secretary of State David MacDonald in France. Robert Mulroney, throughout the campaign, had been warning of the danger, Liberals picked up seats on the energy issue, especially the gas and diesel tax. In Quebec, Trudeau's popularity after his eradicated Fabian Roy and his four-member Social Credit wing split, with the defeat of Howard Gratton in a rural seat, reduced the PCs to near riding in Ontario, 19 PCs seats turned Liberal red because of concern about the cruise tax and a more generalised fear in Ottawa about Prime Lougheed and higher costs of western trade. Joe Clark's image was another negative factor.

On the Prairies, the gas tax transferred to the only official Opposition, the Tories, which helped Broadbent's party offer two losses in Atlantic Canada and three in Northern Ontario to the Liberals. In British Columbia, the reversing

popularity of New Leader David Barrett helped the NDP gain four seats—and to withstand the usual question that afflicts the party when majority votes are missing (see story page 24).

In the end, the Tories went down in the second Canadian government tradition—they defeated themselves, and in roughly the time it takes to have a baby. The major miscalculation was convincing themselves that the Liberal party could get its act together. Clark ran a flawless campaign under intense pressure, but the outcome was determined before the race began. Against Clark's detailed plans and schemes for change, Trudeau appealed to the dream in the country, and the reaction. It was a calculated, not even cynical campaign—but it worked. For the next five years, as political analyst David Cragg observes, "we're a captive audience." □

With **William John MacKenzie** (left) as leader on David Thomas, Roy MacLennan, Cheryl Barker, Thomas Spillars, Bruce Little and Dale Blair.

and Pumping the Rhinoceros saw their total vote almost double to 110,000. "But we weren't worried," comforted Prime Henry Clinton MacLennan. "We took the precaution of doubling our number of candidates." One liberal Quebec Tory candidate, Clark said, David MacLennan, speaking on the provincial-owned radio network Radio-Quebec, after its election centre had been invaded by a firing line, confessed to seeing a set in costume with Rhinoceros (the name of the party's Quebec house) but the worst loss of the baby rhino and his young party faithful were allayed by an announcement of head headquarters at 41 St. J. St., a "quietest location" on "quiet" from coast to coast, but not before hospital John (David) LeBel—one of two second-place Rhinoceros candidates—demanded recounts in all ridings where their showing approached the respectable.

While all other parties watched their slim Quebec footholds crumble under the Lib-

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A herd of rhinos make any tracks

Their track showed the rhinos on a campaign plane and (right) streetcarists Joe Courts and Senator Keith Dwyer. It's a matter of this style.

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Behold the riddler—a poetic resurrection

By Susan Riley

It was strange Trudeau throughout the last week of an amazing election campaign, the born-again prime minister waged a running "poetry war" with his press entourage, dropping paradoxes of fashion verse into speeches and challenging reporters to identify them. Later, on the campaign plane, rider with work and wine, the press three lines back at Trudeau—but they never stopped him. Finally, the prime minister had the last word at the Liberal traditional farewell party for the press in Toronto, Saturday night, Trudeau, hands moving, face alive, acted out a stirring and largely unknown French poem, promising the only graceful moment in an otherwise awkward evening and leaving his wary audience spellbound. Notwithstanding 11 years of arrogance, empty rhetoric and creeping elitism, it is a difficult task to admire the man's style. And it became obvious last week as Trudeau, emboldened by positive polls, emerged from his coma and began turning on ostentatious crowds across the country, that many people were not simply voting against Joe Clark, but for the resurrected Trudeau.

The question is what, exactly, are they getting?

Certainly Trudeau showed signs of conviction—and of fire—during the

first few weeks of a demure campaign. He read speeches woodenly, claiming he was studying to miss but in fact trusting not good intentions and reworked Liberal policy. It was as if the winds of the 1970s had slipped down around his ankles. The press campaign, in fact, did the Opposition, and so, behind the scenes, did many Liberals, especially when it became apparent that most of the much-ballyhoosed policy buzzword was going to be sacrificed to electoral expediency.

A powerful group of strategists, including Senator Keith Dwyer and senior aide Joe Courts, felt the best approach was to let Joe Clark defend himself, to keep the focus of Prime Trudeau.

Ultimately, the Liberals were forced to announce policy, but the first announcements were either severely attenuated or, like the proposal to double-track the railway, simply laughable. The promise of \$12 million for pensioners was supposed to be announced as part of an over-all review of social policy, as that it

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wouldn't look like a cynical bit of vote-buying. But the strategists were afraid the Opposition might catch going back to broader promises, as Trudeau's careful announcement made no mention of serious reform. Then, in the final week, with polls making the Liberals almost unbeatable, Trudeau offered a bit more substance. The Foreign Investment Review Agency (FIRA), a paragon of a bureaucracy, was going to be strengthened to promote Canadian ownership of the economy. And later, in Windsor, Trudeau promised: Canada would get tough with American, no commercial subsidies, no export subsidy money in Canada. But in the end the policy statements were only crumbs.

And despite the liberal, idealistic tone of much of the campaign, Monday's massive victory could mean a setback for the most progressive elements in the Liberal party—some of the people involved in the Winnipeg professor last October, and those pushing for moral and political renewal after last May's defeat. And what of the much publicized "iron approach" to this election?

"The end result is the same," said Trudeau, "and one discouraged progressive." It's going to make it harder than ever for us to make our case now. It will be hard for anyone with opposing ideas to get past the victory-mania ("Orris and Dwyer") and the old political friends (Mack LaSalle and Allan Rock) that surround Trudeau.

"What makes things more bitter for the progressives is the campaign's calculated appeal to liberal-left sentiment."

"It's a worry about the defeat after we've overthrown the unemployment."

Trudeau told an adoring crowd in Windsor last week. But does he mean it? And how long will he stay away from work at all?

Party insiders are betting Pierre Trudeau will stay down, within 24 years, Trudeau has said he will stay two, three, even four years, though he often looked during this campaign as if one more week would be plenty. But currently, during the last week of the campaign he came alive, speaking with more passion than he has shown in years.

Has the electorate bought a tired, overstated academic or one of the more exciting political figures of the time? Does Trudeau, 11 years later, still have the moral energy to act on his five rhinos? Has he become the puppet of the political manipulators or does he still care? Unfortunately, only the Tories know. And he's not talking in Linda Griffiths' laughable, one-woman play *Moore and Pierre*, now showing at Toronto's Theatre Passe Muraille. Pierre makes this comment to Moore about the press: "The only way to stay alive is to avoid their wish to define you." □



A cabinet with a tight fit

By Ian Anderson

Before the next week's test, two men will pay special visits to Pierre Trudeau. Marc Lalonde, Trudeau's closest political ally, will have to make



LALONDE

energy minister in the new government. Allan Rock, the once and future deputy prime minister, will probably ask for External Affairs.

Trudeau may prefer to have his political vice-regent in the delicate Finance portfolio and Lalonde to oversee his constitutional interests from the justice department. But no Liberal will choose before these two requests are satisfied. And only then will the scramble start for what remains—and a legacy to lead the party once Trudeau leaves.



ROCK

By his own admission, Trudeau has failed to select a successor when he "retired" last November. He had himself been brought to power by Lester Pearson, serving as justice minister and getting credit as a law reformer ("The state has no business in the bedrooms of the nation"). Now it's Trudeau's turn to play Pearson. The question remains: whom will he choose to assist?

Those closest to Trudeau say he hates to draw up a cabinet. Too many egos are hurt, too many compromises have to be made to ensure regional representation. That's not even said in the Senate (is Bud Olson, a Donald Stewart, a Ray Finkelstein people to represent Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia—provinces that didn't elect a Liberal? But there will be something about the manner members of the cabinet if he doesn't leave out of his cabinet such former ministers as Bud Collins, John Reid, Warren Allmand and Jeanne Boivin. Almost certainly, Bryce Mackenzie will not get a portfolio. More than one prominent Liberal has vowed to quit the party if the former Air Canada chairman maps any further rewards for political patronage.

For the leadership hopefuls the glimmer portfolio is Energy. Accordingly, Lloyd Axworthy is a constant reminder. Axworthy is 40, a winterer and

boasts a blue-chip education (Princeton). His ascendancy could short Lalonde into Justice, but it's more likely the Westpenger will wind up with Transport, a difficult but less sensitive post.



FOX



FOX

Another leadership candidate, Francis Fox, would be considered for federal-provincial relations. Finance might wind up in Finance, should MacKenzie get his wish for the colour world of a diplomat. More likely, though, Fox will get back his old job at industry and commerce.

High-profile jobs will have to be found for such popular former ministers as Monique Bégin and Pierre De Baze.

Ontario is a cabinet-maker's nightmare. The talent does not run deep there for the Liberals, while the political debts of Poys must be found for such patriots as Bob Kaplan and Jim Flinn of Toronto. The latter is a good bet for secretary of state. Consequently, one of the potentially weakest portfolios is the 1980s, could well go to another former broadcast journalist, Ramo LeBlanc. John Roberts might also get a crack at it, though the former secretary of state carries with him the reputation of dilettante and may be dropped from the cabinet altogether.



LEBLANC

The thorniest problem is in the three Windsor ridings of Southern Ontario, where three Liberals can lay rightful claim to assist in cabinet. Herb Gray will get a senior economic job, probably the Treasury. Seward Rogues, Whelan Defence and could well get it. That would see him return to a Quebecer such as André Gauthier. Then there is Mark MacGowan, a wish for senior government if he runs anywhere else, but a longshot here.



MACGOWAN

In Atlantic Canada, Bill Ransmay of Labrador is a good bet to get either Fisheries or Labor. Gerald Rogers, the former Nova Scotia premier who was in Halifax, wants a senior economic portfolio but may get Regional Economic Expansion.



RANSMAY

In Newfoundland, Roger Symons could satisfy Trudeau's hunger for a John Crosbie-style outcast of his own.



SYMONS

In his home province, Trudeau's only problem is overabundance of talent. Possible new faces are Pierre Bouches, Louis Duce, Yves Pinard and Jacques Giguère.



PINARD

High-profile jobs will have to be found for such popular former ministers as Monique Bégin and Pierre De Baze.

Reid's Montreal will likely not be represented in the cabinet this time by Warren Allmand, instead, look for Donald Johnston. Trudeau's friend, personal lawyer and a tax expert Johnston, a fiscal conservatism could find himself in Finance but is more likely to get Revenue until he proves his ability in the House or at least as sharp as his skills on the pages.

From Quebec should also come the new speaker of the House. A good bet is Tom Leleux, a Trudeau loyalist and former garage owner. An Liberal who Leleux was one of the architects of the Tory defeat in the House.

Will Flora try to Thatcher Clark?



By John Hay

Joe Clark has after half-joked that anyone who can master the rambunctious Conservative party can surely run the country, but he now faces the fact that he's stalled and killed Tory leaders before anyone who isn't running the country could easily lead the party. The Tories endure almost no internal conflict and never more than when a leader has lost an election. "This party," said Tory President Bob Coates on election night, "has never been much of a fighting party."

As a veteran MP and Diefenbaker loyalist, Coates should know. He credits his young leader with running a strong campaign, albeit lamed by a "scholarship" strategy of deferring an unpopular budget. Still, "he wasn't a popular leader, Clark's obvious," and Coates argues a cool examination of the leadership question. "Whether we like it or not, we've got four years to look."

Others doubt Clark has that long. Queen's University's George Perlin, author of a new study of Tory leadership, *The Tory Syndrome*, thinks Clark won't have to hear the knives unsheathed to make his move. "The thing about Joe Clark is that he's a mutant. He will probably tell us very quickly that he will leave, and ask for advice on timing."

Reports of Clark's departure eight months ago were false. It was only eight months after John Diefenbaker fell from grace in the 1962 election (losing a huge majority for a slight minority) that five of his ministers asked him to



Clark's last campaign day in Toronto (above) and top aide Lewis Murphy and Jack Carter (this page) on the left.

quit. Dief refused and for five years fought a losing battle to keep the leadership. Now believe Clark has either the inclination or tenacity to withstand a similar siege by his own party, though one partisan stalwart grunts, "He won't give it up without a fight." Because Lewis Murphy, Clark's political strategist, assured reporters in the Glen Spence Grove election headquarters Monday night that the party stands loyal to Clark, that Clark and his policies would be vindicated in time and that he hopes Clark will remain leader. One argument is that if Clark can survive such early pushing and shoving from disaffected Tories, the rest of the country will in due course decide he was

right about energy and the economy and will elect him. The counterargument, put by some close to Clark, is that he must shrewdly decline himself before the Tories are again seduced by leadership quarrels and post-election recriminations. Under the party constitution, the issue must in any case be put to members at the next annual meeting, when an executive vote is taken on whether to hold a leadership contest. The next meeting could take place late this year or in early 1981.

With the bullets hardly counted it's too early to speculate seriously about possible successors, but the question can be asked: will Clark be "Thatcherized" by Flora MacDonald? Britain's Ted Heath was toppled by cabinet colleague Margaret Thatcher not many months after he had lost two elections within a year. While MacDonald is known as a Red Tory, she was hawkish enough in the campaign on such vexatious issues as the Olympics and draft-dodgers to snap roaring cheers across the country—yet though once election day she, surprisingly, managed only a narrow win in her own Kingston riding.

Perlin says Clark is especially vulnerable to leadership challenges because he had no independent power base in the party when he emerged as the South-belt compromise at the 1978 leadership convention. Whereas Diefenbaker was protected by his caucus of Mrs. and Robert Stanfield engaged support from party members, Clark has tried to weave alliances among both. Certainly his closest ministers will eventually come along and likely affiliates, as well a stable group of young backbenchers and organizers who prospered under his patronage. Clark held power for eight months—five months, says one aide, "so get a lot of people in place." Still, there are grudging inroads, especially among Mrs. of Keeweenaw, than Clark who was left out of his cabinet. And in the search to explain the election defeat, Clark's own conservative sell-off might be held against him in a Halifax interview last week. "There was a sense around that I wasn't ready to govern before taking office," Clark's ally sometimes admitted Henry Kissinger's recent interview sell-off might be held against him in a Halifax interview last week. "There was a sense around that I wasn't ready to govern before taking office," Clark's ally sometimes admitted Henry Kissinger's recent interview sell-off might be held against him in a Halifax interview last week. "There was a sense around that I wasn't ready to govern before taking office," Clark's ally sometimes admitted Henry Kissinger's recent interview sell-off might be held against him in a Halifax interview last week.

Quiche socialism at 30,000 feet

By David Thomas

Tapping an another of his dollar signs, a handsome Ed Broadbent approached down the aisle of his election eve spin-off polls which indicated the New Democratic Party was climbing on an unprecedented spurt of popular esteem. "I don't like it—there's too many capitalists in it. We've got to get back down to our socialist 16 per cent."

In the end, Broadbent's just came to earth with a hard bang of reality early Tuesday when actual election results showed NDP support—58 per cent in the final campaign Gallup—had lost altitude to level off at a less heady 39.4 per cent. Though Broadbent succeeded in lifting both his party's popular vote and number of parliamentary seats (52) to a historic high by drugging the oilfield designed hellion of the party's De-protestant movement, his jet-set, quiche-in-the-sky socialism was curtailed by the same regionalism that defined all three parties' re-emerging national base. The NDP lost its two seats in Atlantic Canada and, still groping for the key in Quebec, did not even a number east of the leader's own riding. Disappointed but undaunted, Broadbent pledged to beer-swinging loyalists making the United Auto Workers' hall in his Ottawa, Ontario, home town. "We're going to continue building this country into the exciting and decent

place we know it can be." That slogan was the leading edge of his campaign. It was a far cry from the platform plea for an anti-imperial society that characterized the NDP and its predecessor, the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation under a succession of earnest, paternalistic leaders which began with J. S. Woodsworth in 1920 and ended five years ago with the retirement of David Lewis, whose most successful campaign was his 1972 box-lunch march against the "imperialist welfare state."

Nothing better underscored the NDP's straying from the path of self-righteousness than Broadbent's endorsement of his chartered Air Canada 600 which logged 106 hours hauling the leader, party staff and fellow travelers of the press corps. The high-flying campaign was thanks to electoral financing laws which permit the party to compete as an equal. Nevertheless, many thought that when a suddenly frugal Air Canada official ordered the charter's crew to cease winging first-class exceptions from airport flight kitchens, NDP brass complained about the proletarian fare and the airline pickled, jutting in the joy of Socialists by serving smacked trout, real corker blues and a final breakfast brunch of champagne-spiked orange juice, exclusive-fifty cigarettes and first class. But Broadbent's closest ride was provided by journalists whose camaraderie with their subject was reminiscent of the uncritical coverage enjoyed by Quebec Premier René Lévesque in his 1976 rise to power. Amisably calling him "Ed," reporters seemed ill to Broadbent's double check—a future member significant, when worn by Joe Clark—and died to his stiff body (he called Winnipeg "directness Manitoba") and his occasional thick-tongued instant bars of fatigue and the NDP campaign's preferred

potato, a decidedly decadent. The Marls and milk. Also archaism: many were self-righteous assertions such as Broadbent's exhortation to "Victims of Arab wars, multinational oil companies and voracious consumers." We see having an energy crisis in Canada because we've had Liberal and Tory governments and far no other reason. "Increasing our energy output must go hand in hand with Broadbent's call for a Canadian industrial strategy. Among the quickest to hearken were the Liberals who appropriated the NDP's insistence that Canada regain resource ownership and tip the North American ratio past more in this country's favor. Liberal capture of NDP stances provided genuine frustration among Broadbent staffers as the campaign closed.

One thing Canadians do not want is election of a New Democratic government federally: the fortunes of Broadbent's national party faithfully reflect the state of 300 provincial organizations more than his own performance. The lack of a provincial party in Newfoundland is the official explanation for the defeat of Peter Fane, while the NDP seat was delivered by active provincial machines in Ontario (Don), Manitoba (Steven), Saskatchewan (Steven) and British Columbia (D). New Democrats had hoped to finish second in Quebec—Broadbent went so far as to use the pure Quebecois motto, "Région à égalité," to describe his vision of Quebec's place in Canada—but were relegated to third place.

Another dashed dream was the party's desire to hold the balance of power in a minority Parliament, a situation that in the last Parliament gave it more clout with fewer seats. Said Broadbent aide Robin Burns, "Nobody's sitting on Cloud 9, but we're not in despair either." ☐

Our employees and their achievements in sports

MARVIN SINGHAR MILEAN

Marvin Milean joined our Company in 1978 and is currently employed as a Control Room Operator at the Hamilton. One of his hobbies is to collect cars. He has a 1978 Ford Mustang and a 1979 Ford Mustang. He also has a 1978 Ford Mustang and a 1979 Ford Mustang. He is a member of the Hamilton Mustang Club and the Hamilton Mustang Club.



BILL SUMMERS

William Bill Summers joined the Company in October 1978. Following a long career as a subject matter expert in the Canadian oil and gas industry, he is now a Senior Sales Manager for the Hamilton Division. He is a member of the Hamilton Division of the Canadian Petroleum Institute and the Hamilton Division of the Canadian Petroleum Institute.



ANWAR SINEH MANDAT

Anwar Sineh Mandat joined the Company in 1978 and is currently employed as a Control Room Operator at the Hamilton. He is a member of the Hamilton Division of the Canadian Petroleum Institute and the Hamilton Division of the Canadian Petroleum Institute. He is a member of the Hamilton Division of the Canadian Petroleum Institute and the Hamilton Division of the Canadian Petroleum Institute.



WILLIAM T. EGO

William T. Ego joined the Company in 1978 and is currently employed as a Control Room Operator at the Hamilton. He is a member of the Hamilton Division of the Canadian Petroleum Institute and the Hamilton Division of the Canadian Petroleum Institute. He is a member of the Hamilton Division of the Canadian Petroleum Institute and the Hamilton Division of the Canadian Petroleum Institute.



Featured in this campaign booklet: Broadbent, NDP member, the Joy of Socialism

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People

It's getting harder and harder to find a girl-next-door type in Hollywood, but former Ice Capades star **Lynne Holly Johnson** is the bill with her perfect tooth and dim-dim-dim of values. Johnson's first film, for which she's been cast as a blonde, would be a love story finds her slithering as the feisty daughter of **Butte Davis** in the south (*Thunder The Weather in the Woods*). Another Johnson, 21, is back on the set for a **Barbie** line TV special with a routine choreographed by Terrence Malick. **Patricia Richardson** is the blonde, and she's a stand-in for **Dorothy Dandridge** and **Folker Cronshaw** are far from newbies. Johnson's career shows no lull and she is signed to work on at least three films, but they are bound to be fairly exterminally. Did I like to see her in a role like this? Yes, but I won't do any love-making or happen scenes, because I'm too shy.



Reference: <http://www.irs.gov/efile> for background on e-file

boon crowing with his wife and the **50-year** **Flah** band for 12 years at Kilauea dance halls and social events such as the Goose Bay Winter Carnival. Their run-come-come of a Nashvite breathes when they met expatriate weeper singer **Ray Griffin** at the Nova Scotia Sheraton Exhibition last summer. He hooked them off to the same studio, operated by Mac Davis, Dr. Hunk and Grand Ben and John Paul Cauley. Griffin released most of the songs on the soon-to-be released record **Walt The Summer** Up, and the Venus are happy that it will turn into gold just like anything else Griffin has touched — because they have mortgaged a house there to finance his confidence in them.

The bottom line on Hiron's ongoing obsession Wuzhuo-Wu is that his real name is Lawrence Grant. Name made up his name in the kitchen of his parents' home in a suburb outside of

When Henry Windsor's brown leather *Happy Days* jacket was installed at the Smithsonian Institution last week it took a place of honor somewhere between *Jackie and J.F.K.* and *Boomer's* chairs and Irving Berlin's piano. Later, when asked what the *Fans* will wear in future, Windsor improvised: "I thought I would go into something in lavender velvet."

While a West Coast tour earlier this month, **Yakudi** **Masahiko** made a stop at the federal government's National Psychiatric Center in Abbotstown, D.C., where he played for 60 mentally disturbed inmates and visiting fans. "Music is therapy," said the 65-year-old maestro. "The vibrations get in to touch with the whole of creation." Masahiko feels that the music of **Cowell**, **Haydn**, **Bech** and **Berlioz** is the most therapeutic. However, the center's medical director, **Dr. Chani Roy**, finds the inmates prefer something that "has an impact on their emotions." Adds Roy, "The composers in their lives."



who wrote *Boyz n the Zoo*, the man we put our faith in/*Boyz n the Zoo*, the man we all believe in. In the meantime, President Jimmy Carter was recently awarded by 60 jazz musicians in New York, including Cab Calloway and Teddy Wilson, who interpreted such tunes as *I Can't Get Started*.

"In going from the blackboard to the stage," says Kelli Vaseo, 20, a former schoolteacher from Bridgewater, Nova Scotia, who recently returned from a recording session in Nashville, "Husband **Jim Vaseo**, 31, a real estate agent, played country and western singer, but

Chicago "I was personifying a beef burger to tenderize it," he recalls, "and as I differed into the pan, it belched out 'saurime.' Narni was child's play after that." Once a lamp salesman, Narni decided the only way to break into the

and he produced his first album, *This Ain't Right*, for just \$2,500. Songs like "Cleaning Out the Checkout Girl" and "Germ Proof Glasses" were written by "This Nar" as a "jargonist against the pomposity of some '60s rock bands," as he also wears two cheap ties to confound

his dad as for the conventional. "We like to consider ourselves the leader in economy entertainment," says the 25-year-old off-the-wave musician. "My personal credo is 'Never run above K-Mart.'"

The last model to roll off the British track, and pop, is probably his 10-year-old **Gary Numan**, who has written a new album, *McSweeney's*, which contains a mashup of New Musik numbers. It reflects his technological convictions in songs such as *Are Friends Electric?* *Mr! / Document* From You and *Nearly Married a Woman*. The overriding theme of most of his music is that in the future man may fall in love with appliances, and newspapers may carry the headline **MAN INTER TOGETHER**. "I don't think machines are bad," he explains. "If they replaced humans, I wouldn't be very concerned. I don't particularly like humans anyway."

Though Otto Preminger was able to shoot most of his latest film, *The Mirror*, in the location that an-

Dr. Owen Greene, meticulously detailed in his 1936 novel, the infant's probable director may not be able to promote such aestheticism in his next project: the story of Dr. Norman Bethune in China. The 73-year-old 65cm-tall man has come to China this spring to discuss the project based on a treatment done by Sydney Gordon, who co-authored the Bethune biography *The Good Doctor*. "Really the only problem would be the subtle tension between Chinese and Japanese," says Pfeiffer of his potential change in locale. "I was told to use Chinese to play Japanese. But frankly, I don't even know the difference between Chinese and Japanese."

"They're straight," says super/secret Diana Matherington with comely conviction when she talks about the newspaper theatre critics who arrived with "their Shatford-book-of-good-taste" firmly in hand to review noted Canadian playwright **Garth F. Walker's** *Remains of Our Death* at Toronto's funky Factory Theatre Lab. The "straight" critics earned the slap.

gassy post-rock parties that five-maned they take up with anarchy and the neutron bomb with any sense of humor to be feared. Children love it, and since the year began, it came out the theatre has been packed with patrons who keep coming back in the tradition of the Rocky Horror Picture Show cult. The 18-member **Wavelengths** has now taken over co-operative responsibility for these "infamous" shows and they are planning to retail 300 numbers telephone hotline which those trippers will be able to use to plant their own names. "There's a trend toward murky, Miami, dystopian, ex-plains and urban Walker, and I've never thought much was to be part of this."



Harrington: 2 stichproben schlosspielen

Director John Dahlmeier (*Jung Koma*). The Zwinger Infirmary refused to show Vancouver's Tabitha Harrington the movie screen test she did to win the sophomore role in the #6-8-rated Canadian drama *Mistral/Mistère*. "He said it would go to my head," says Harrington, 27, a former model who has the same hair as her mother, but film director is an altogether split personality in a psychotic mania where James Cooney plays night nurse to both the psychotics and Macroe psychosis. Harrington doesn't feel self-conscious about hunting into the film world full-frontal. "I think I understand the psychotics," she says. "The character, I think I understand the character." She wears no clothes at all, she says. "There are lots of models who have freaked right out."

Edited by **Marybeth Rogalsky**

[illegible]

A stately pleasure Dome



By Anthony Whittingham

For almost any man it would be the pinnacle of a career. Though the top executives in Canadian business deals are redrafted every few months—each new take-over surpassing in size the one before it—last week's purchase by Calgary's Dome Petroleum Limited of the major oil and gas holdings of Vancouver-based Kaiser Resources Ltd. is now the largest private-sector cash transaction in Canadian history. It's a major coup, the significance of which was certainly not lost on Dome's president, William Richards. "Yes, as a matter of fact," beamed the 53-year-old executive several hours after the deal concluded. "I signed the cheque for \$700 million myself this morning, and I'll have to admit it felt pretty exciting."

For Edgar Kaiser Jr., the 38-year-old chairman of Kaiser Resources Ltd. and third-generation scion of the legendary U.S. industrial dynasty, last week's deal was no less momentous. In one stroke, the sale to Dome gives the Kaiser company a capital gain of about \$250 million, eliminates an unmanageable debt load, and, through a separate but related transaction involving a sister company, Kaiser Steel Corporation of Oakland, California, establishes Kaiser himself as the undisputed savior of the family empire which until recently was in danger of collapsing. Yet for all that, the real moment of personal drama in the life and career of Edgar Kaiser last week had already unfolded the day before. In a small downtown courtyard in

Vancouver, Edgar Kaiser swore allegiance to Her Majesty the Queen and, quietly, irrevocably, became a Canadian citizen. No further—only a basket of red and white flowers in his desk with a miniature Canadian flag planted in the middle—to mark the event. By the end of the week, he had already been back and forth twice between Vancouver and California in the company jet, and the growing demands of heading both Kaiser Resources and, since last September, Kaiser Steel, as well as continued without interruption.

The sheer size and speed of the Kaiser-Dome transaction make it a noteworthy event in Canadian business affairs. The deal was negotiated out from scratch in less than a month and \$500 million in less than a week in the form

of a straight cash loan to Dome from its local lender Toronto-Dominion in concert with the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce and the Bank of Montreal. The actual property sold in the transaction—Kaiser's land-based conventional oil and gas acreage in Western Canada, already producing 25,000 barrels a day of oil and 71 million cubic feet of natural gas—represents only part of a package of assets that Kaiser staff acquired a mere 16 months ago when it bought U.S.-controlled Ashland Oil Canada for a then-record price of \$485 million. Stripped from the Ashland package are an asphalt and paving operation that, in January, Kaiser announced would be sold for \$70 million to Toronto-based Tannahill interests, as well as an extensive clutch of oil-shale, or freestier, oil and gas holdings and oiling joint-venture acreage in the Beaufort Sea, Baffin Island and Chukchi Yellow Sea. In short, Dome has paid \$700 million for properties that 16 months ago cost Kaiser considerably less than \$485 million.

Obviously it's still to the liking of Dome Chairman Jack Gallagher—prominent oil and gas magnate in the land—for whom the Kaiser deal is merely the latest in a two-year buying spree which has seen Dome invest almost that much again in a string of purchases since 1978, ranging from the take-over of Schenck Oil and Gas Ltd., last year's purchase of Mesa Petroleum Co. and increased ownership in Dome Mines Ltd. and TransCanada Pipe Lines Ltd., both of Toronto. Though Dome's delinquent new purchase extrapolating \$2 billion, the company expects to reap profits of about \$175 million for 1979 and, by increasing in size by about one-third with the Kaiser purchase, it now is indisputably the largest independent Canadian producer of oil and gas.

Although the deal carries with it some peculiar twists—namely a pre-announced resignation of the ownership of Kaiser Resources, largely stimulating the 38-year-old U.S. ownership gain increasing the current 25-per-cent Japanese ownership—most observers say the Kaiser-Dome affair will benefit all parties concerned. As for Canada's larger public interest, that will only be so if the ensuing consolidation of ownership and rationalization of activities results in greater exploration and development of new resources. ♦

With Photos by
Thomas Hopkins in Vancouver



Reading between the bottom lines

It may prove too eventful a winter for Louis Melnick, the 57-year-old chairman of Classic Bookshops, and Rose—his wife and company vice-president—is really relax. At their annual Palm Beach conference, where the Florida surf suits and reveals drastically, the Melnicks can fill their chilly days browsing through the more than 180 authors of this personal library—rare editions, essays, poetry—stopped south to tide them over their three-month holiday. But in Louis Melnick the bibliophile is even stronger than the bibliophile. From a shady second-hand magazine store on Montreal's Rivington Street, more than half a century ago, he started the company whose 55 outlets today do a reported \$25 million in sales annually. Now in, Melnick has increasingly abdicated the running of his personally owned company to his son Brian, Classic's vice-president, and to President Anne Leffland. That's why he and Rose are sitting the round out on the Florida idylls while their heirs handle the heavy gambling—Classic's latest flurry of marketing moves and acquisitions.

Classic, Canada's largest independent book chain, ranks third in terms of sales, after the Seattle-based Old Book Store Ltd. (\$42 million) and the Regal-based W. H. Smith Ltd. (\$35 million). But it is rapidly charging ahead. It opened seven new stores in 1979 and just last week launched its acquisition of the five-store Ficks Books



Brian (above), Rose, and Louis Melnick: Florida surf suits and awards don't suitably

within a department store—an experiment that, if successful, could open the way for Classic to piggyback on Sears' rather Classic branches.

One question for book buyers and book publishers is how this rapid growth will affect the Classic character, so long established by Melnick Jr.—a grade-school dropout with a self-edited mast's fascination for books, he neither greatly intends that no bookstore should be without the essays of 19th-century English writer William Hazlitt. Inevitably, expansion plus the efficiency-oriented management style of Leffland and Melnick Jr., 51, have resulted in a degree of rationalization and streamlining.

A more controversial matter is the impact of all three book chains' growth, concentration and competition on the Canadian book industry. Of the long-standing rivalry between his father and Jack Goss, founder of Cobo, Brian Melnick comments: "The acidity, the court battles, it's all in the spirit of business. Personally, there's great admiration." But the giant's sportsmanship doesn't comfort the little 1979 Shopping pattern, the dominant force in Canadian retailing, have long favored the solidly credit-rated chains over independents. And when the giant's expansion in their periodic price-cutting wars, the struggling independents face shipwrecking monthly losses by losing bookstores.

On the other hand, it's precisely the bottom-line, sometimes brutal but shrewdly effective behavior of the Canadian chains that is making them competitive in the American book market. Currently a quarter of Cobo's businesses generated by its fast-growing network of 82 U.S.-based stores. While Classic's meagre four American outlets currently only an estimated 10 per cent of its gross sales, it has acquired the Canadian market and has opened its Cleveland and Palm Beach branches within the past 18 years. In fact, Classic was the first Canadian bookstore to open a store south, opening in New York's legendary Fifth Avenue in 1974 following a bang-up batch of liquor and lobster sales.

Though retailer No. 3, Classic has always been a risk-taker. Louis Melnick took the leap from Bloor Street to St. Catherine Street in mid-Depression 1938, just in time to take up the paperback boom. He also gambled on opening a bookstore in a public library. "But that was a flume," he admits. "Buttersworth's bought it from me, and I sold it to the vice-president, once repaid from McGill University for organizing a gambling ('Sleaze') club, is a risk-taker in his father's tradition. One change he has fathered: contemporary fiction he does prefer contemporary fiction to Hazlitt's essays." Val Ross



'If you can't stand the meat, get out of your kitchen'

By Roderick McQueen

During the federal election's 60 days of election, the politicking politicians were almost able to convince Canadians that these are the worst of times. Almost. Joe Clark repeated old slow-motion notions of Pierre Trudeau's 11 years in power in the hopes that voters would be seized with phobias since Pierre Trudeau fought his way into power, charging that the defeated Conservative budget was the "worst ever enacted on Ontario since the War of 1812." And Ted Heath just agreed a dinner of another sort, a plaque on both their houses. In sum, the pessimistic politicians and their finger-wagging cut proved to be about as popular as insects on the lot.

There are, to be sure, a few facts to back up those down-to-earth dinner debates. Unemployment will likely reach double-digit levels this year, unemployment stands at 8.5 per cent and interest rates continue to hang up against banks' lending efforts. In the United States, the just-released Economic Report of the President and the Council of Economic Advisors is the first and only one since 1966 to forecast a recession. American economists believe Canadian imports to 1986 as staggering arrive at Christmas. Taxes are so tough, some would have us believe, that people can't afford cars for their penny loans.

Tell where, then, is all the cash coming from? On a recent Sunday night, the waiting list to eat in an Ansonia, Ontario, restaurant was endless, even though the place had 250. The lobby was so crowded you could not overbark for half an hour and still have cars on your floor. The meal done and the bill in, there was the briefest of moments where the tab (\$20 for four with wine) seemed reasonable. The moment lasted about as long as it took to remember that the same facts would, by a week's progress, have their place in the bill in. "If you can't stand the meat, get out of your kitchen," as Canadians spend 38 per cent of their food dollars outside the

home—even though some fast food tastes like Lysol—then smoke pellets and there's money for expensive housing, too. In Toronto's west end, a house placed on sale earlier this year for \$250,000 was seen by 37 qualified buyers and sold in three days for \$255,000. Cash in Calgary, where everything was built tomorrow, 51 key owners participate the slow season, busily reversing the skyline. General Motors dealers report record sales across Canada in January. Corporate profits rose



"You have something? I'm already out of the system."

by a robust 46 per cent in 1979. December department store sales totalled \$9.3 billion, up 9.2 per cent from a year ago. Importers and brokers are a cheery bunch as the Toronto Stock Exchange list of 300 securities moved to a record 211.58 last week before falling downward. In New York, the strongest Dow Jones industrial average peaked up through the 900 level for the first time in 17 months. Even the cash is in good.

Part of the home's cause is fear. The public is buying any stock even remotely related to energy or the end of deficit. The new mood is self-protection as the military-industrial complex comes back to life. War is health, corporate. There is also a grab for gold, the international barometer of anxiety. Dollars arrived from \$300 (U.S.) an ounce to \$608 last year by starkly, speculators, politicians and the U.S. freeze on assets in Iran, gold then attracted the attention of the little guy. When the recent spike reached a high of \$800

(\$849 Canadian), telephone lines at the Bank of Nova Scotia's general office in Toronto were clogged with 5,000 gold inquiry calls a day. And what makes all these who sold their horizons silver? Haunting the emotional part—haunting the metallic future.

There is, however, more than a trace of illusion in all of this. Much of the spending is false prosperity based on inflated purchases. Credit cards, now accepted everywhere from bookstores in China to taverns in Calgary, account for \$77.5 billion in Canadian debt, at rates soon to reach 21 per cent. Total new borrowing in 1980 by Canadian governments, corporations and individuals is expected to increase by 11.5 per cent to \$66.7 billion. Or, perhaps the whole thing is more simply on shifts. Paul E. Kirkman's Coast of '79, translated into German, was entitled Coast of '81.

But here is truth. Most Canadian complaints are vineyard old while Al's fourth anniversary of North American may be more regulated by 1980 than by the local, Canada is well sheltered from the stormy bluffs. Gasoline costs about \$1.12 a gallon compared with \$5 in Germany. During the next 38 years, a job costing \$20 billion will be spent here on major oil- and gas-related projects. Thoughtful domestic and foreign producers see more than three-per-cent annual growth through the early 1990s. Sturdy staffs command a standard fare for other nations. Frontier and East Coast oil and gas hold the promise of regional potency and the hope for national self-sufficiency. The 36-cent dollar has restored the country's competitive position in export markets.

That is the laundry list (late) by the election-bound folks. They should be shown a new faith, for just as there is a difference between what the politicians promise and what they produce, there exists another, external disparity in Canada. It is the gap between what we are and what it is we dream of being. That dream may just come. First we have to survive our politicians.



One more tango in Paris

By Marci McDonald

A press conference go, it had been choreographed with a flourish. On Feb. 20, two previous Andalusian tapas had swung open over the stage of the glittering grand ballroom of the Elysée Palace, and French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing and German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt had broken into a diplomatic dance in perfect unison nipping the Soviets over the kanakos for invading Afghanistan, and unimpaired defense. After nearly six weeks of walloping the question, it was a performance that seemed to put the twin leaders of the European Community at last in step with the hard line of Jimmy Carter. But some observers noted in the little gilt chairs of the audience at the time that the ceremony rang with an unimpaired shudder.

The hint of play-acting was only heightened last week in the wake of developments that seemed to confirm that the French had promptly given up of their way to break stride—not only with the spirit of the freshly signed joint statement with the Germans but certainly with the notion of a Western European chorus line kicking up its heels in Moscow on our front.

Schmidt was barely out of town when Giscard was telling reporters that the ceremonial had'st must quite what it seemed. He backpedaled to point out that he intended to "preserve what has been acquired in recent years as to peace and the maintenance of détente." So much was that rising eyebrows at the White House that Foreign Minister Jean François-Poncet was throwing a steam-rolling tantrum, referring to alleged U.S. foreign minister's dinner with U.S. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance this week as Bonn because Washington had leaked the Russian response to the press that Europe was falling into line against the Soviets.

A stark departure from the traditional "punk music" at all the French state dinners and The New York Times delivered a highly critical review, noting that France's independent self-love was giving the Soviets the impression of timidity in the West. Even the Soviet news agency Tass commented—yet without overt disrespect—on the French seemed poised "between two chairs."

By now's end, however, indications began to emerge that the badly bucking out the Bonn dancer was but a potted for the French to keep the spotlight on the fact that—once again, in the tradition of



Schmidt (left) and Giscard at the Elysée Palace (top) and Giscard smiling.

established by Charles de Gaulle—they were determined to dance to their own music.

Now were the French the only ones. The British, too, seemed to be taking down their first scramble of subservience. Said British Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington in Paris: "We must all sit in harmony, but not necessarily in unison." In Bonn, Schmidt appeared to be embracing the "numerous dangers" of Carter's hard line against the Soviets through his good

friend. This Sommer, editor-in-chief of Die Zeit, who lambasted the U.S. administration for leaving the Soviets "no exit," said in the present running the risk of offending out the guests of Elysée.

Indeed, behind-the-scenes in Paris, West linked out that Giscard's apparently antipathetic star turn had been the pre-arranged backing of the German chancellor. Faced with an election this year, Schmidt has a stake in using the guise of détente—but major problems—namely, with an internal view in reawakening the two Germanies—the one issue that is a guaranteed cross-over among his voters. As he says, "The Americans have 50 hostages in Tehran, we have 15 million on the other side of the demarcation line." Indeed, what France's private served to emphasize more than anything else is that Western Europe—with or without Britain—has no intention of being drawn into what it respects in Carter's own knowledge election campaigning.

After years of urging the Americans to take a dimmer stand against the Soviets, Western Europe now fears that the White House has flip-flopped to another disturbing extreme. European diplomats are openly wondering whom they ought to trust. Carter, the vacillating president, or the get-tough, neo-conservative candidate. Said one American adviser to the state department, who has been on the fax of the current administration, "France may have the only sensible position right now. They're saying they refuse to follow blindly along

headed by Christian Democrat Prime Minister Francesco Cossiga, since the Socialists are threatening to withdraw their support unless the Communists are awarded greater power—and the Communists insist they will continue to oppose any government that excludes them.

Cossiga is reported to be an energetic and capable politician, but his 66-month-old government's lack of majority backing has made it ineffective and most observers expect it to fall shortly. The most probable scenario for the coming months is more political bickering and stalemate. For Italians, this just means more of the legislative paralysis in which they have long since grown accustomed. A leading columnist best captured the general mood in a recent article entitled *Waiting for Nothing to Happen*. **Theodore Lurie**

Lebanon A spark for the tinderbox

The Palestinian raiders strike south in the still of the night across the Litani River, through territory policed by the United Nations and into the Christian village of Deir Minaa, just inside Lebanon's border with Israel. There they bootily ransacked the doors of several houses and laid powerful delayed-action bombs against the walls of others before making good their escape. The resulting explosions just before dawn left four villagers dead and wounded off a watching artillery dual between Christian militiamen and rival Palestinian gunmen in villages to the

north. Six years of factional fighting, smothered by Syrian troops since 1976, seemed about to break out anew.

Fears that a new civil war might be in the offing had first been raised a week earlier when Syrian President Hafez Assad announced that he would shortly withdraw the troops which had stood between the Lebanese Maronite Catholic rightist and Moslem leftist militias in Beirut for the past 1½ years. Immediately, leftist militias vowed they would oppose the deployment of the Lebanese army, which they see allied to the Maronites. In the Syrians' place while the rightists announced they were strengthening their private armies. In



Assad Pajal, and Hoss: speculation about the motives behind the surprise decision



the north, Israeli-linked Lebanese chased leftist villages and, in the north, fighting broke out between the Maronite militia of former president Suleiman Frangieh—a close friend of Assad—and the rival Phalangists who regard the Syrian force as an army of occupation. From Israel, Prime Minister Menachem Begin raised the tension a notch by warning that he would not stand for a "puppet" of Lebanese Christians, even when the Israelis rely to a buffer against rising Palestinian guerrillas.

Following its fit did on the heels of a visit to Damascus by Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, Assad's surprise announcement raised speculation that it was designed not only to please the Syrians by wrecking world attention from events in Afghanistan but to underline what Syria sees as the most important single issue in the region: the Palestinian question, which is still so major a factor after months of talks between Israel and Egypt. Despite the opening of an Israeli embassy in Cairo. But other motives were more clearly discernible. For one thing, the Syrians were growing increasingly uneasy about the effects on their military of Lebanon's, especially Beirut's, lawless life-style. Syrian troops had reportedly become involved in everything from nightclubbing to car theft. As well, observers in Damascus pointed out that from their probable new location, in Lebanon's Bekaa Valley, the troops would be in a better position should they be needed by Assad to deal with domestic problems—fundamentalist Moslems have been conducting an assassination campaign against the ruling Alawite minority. But the deciding factor seemed to be Assad's frustration with the fact that the Lebanese government, secure behind its Syrian shield, had made little or no effort to settle the differences between Lebanon's warring factions since 1976.

In fact, indications were that week that the Lebanese premier, Selim Hosni, had been delivered that very prisoner in a hurriedly organized meeting with Assad in Damascus. After his return, an emergency cabinet meeting was called to discuss the crisis and in its wake Lebanese President Elias Sarkis announced a new initiative would be made to bring about "national reunification" and pleaded for the co-operation of everyone (Syria and Lebanon's warring right and leftists) to help it succeed. But as Sarkis spoke, a battle raged in the northern town of Qat between Christian Phalangists and Syrian troops who had moved in to aid Frangieh loyalists and their co-operation remained very much in doubt.

Joan Fleming,
with correspondents' files

U.S.A.

With friends like Bill Loeb...

By Ian Gresham

Sitting in his office just off Elm Street, in downtown Manchester, William Loeb smiles when asked how much influence he wields in New Hampshire. "Really, I don't take myself that seriously," says the 75-year-old publisher of the Manchester *Union Leader*, the state's biggest (circulation, 68,000) newspaper. "I doubt any newspaper has much influence anymore. Television has taken over."

At this point, Loeb excuses himself to take a call from Corinne Wallace, wife of former Alabama governor and several times presidential hopeful, George Wallace. Ten minutes later, he picks up where he left off. "In a close race of course, we could make a difference. And it's pretty close here between Reagan and Bush."

Loeb is almost certainly right. The



Loeb (top), Reagan (left) and Bush in New Hampshire. A nearly orchestrated concert

Democratic race and he got a mere six per cent. In 1976, President Gerald Ford lost Reagan despite the *Union Leader*. But the paper has demonstrated an ability to destroy candidates it opposes. And last week alone it ran a series of columns and editorials suggesting that Bush is still tied to the CIA ("The Bush operation in Iowa had all the trappings of a covert operation"), questioning his co-sponsorship with the *Trailblazer* Convention ("It is quite clear that this group of extremely powerful men is out to control the world"), and—the worst insult it knows—accusing him of being "a liberal in suppurating as a conservative."

So far, Bush has managed to restrain himself from making the same mistake he

as Senator Edmund Muskie who, in 1970, broke down and cried in a press conference he called outside the paper's offices to denounce its attacks on himself (George McGovern went on to win the Democratic nomination that year). Ignoring the paper's attacks, Bush has pressed on with his superbly organized campaign, drawing big crowds at rallies (which usually go unreported by the *Union Leader*) and scoring unopposable.

After the jarring defeat in Iowa, which he took for granted, Reagan has been campaigning hard, returning to the old, right-wing causes that nearly brought him victory over Ford in 1976: gun control, abortion, welfare and women's rights. On all these issues, Reagan carefully paints out, he is more conservative than Bush.

As the campaign moves to its conclusion, Reagan and the *Union Leader*

were playing a neatly orchestrated concert. Reagan said. Bush should give a full explanation of his acceptance of \$200,000 from President Richard Nixon's "slush fund" for his senatorial campaign in 1978, the *Union Leader* followed up with its own investigation of the matter. When questions were raised about Reagan's age (69), the *Union Leader* ran a column noting that Ronald Adamsen, Winston Churchill and Charles de Gaulle had all been older. When Reagan slipped up, appearing to advocate a state income or sales tax (New Hampshire has neither), the paper rushed in a denial that he had ever actually said it.

At least one Reagan supporter is worried that all these efforts may turn out to be counterproductive. "Bill has a very influential," says Leon Anderson,

the state government's in-house historians. "But we have an old saying in New Hampshire: 'If you want to get elected get Bill Lusk against you.'" In effect, by picking on Bush, the House Leader is telling Republicans who distrust Reagan—or Lusk—that Bush is their man. The other five candidates in the field—John Anderson, Howard Baker, John Chafee, Phil Crane and Robert Dole—envy Bush the attention he is receiving. If Reagan wins, the race will be regarded to at least some of these five, and it may stay open all the way to the Republican convention in Detroit in July. But if Bush wins, he may have gathered too much momentum to be stopped, as Jimmy Carter had when he won both Iowa and New Hampshire in 1976. Lusk on Feb. 28 must live with an uncomfortable thought: no one has ever failed in a New Hampshire primary and still managed to be elected president the following November. □

The boys break into a brawl

Senator Ted Kennedy seemed amazed all the way last week and shocked President Jimmy Carter as the previously gentlemanly senator for the Democratic presidential nomination turned into a brawl. Surged by his closer-than-expected finish in the Maine caucus on Feb. 10th, Kennedy moved easily into the attack in an effort to flush Carter out of the White House, where he has remained since the beginning of the last hostage crisis in early November.

In a speech at Harvard University, Kennedy blasted Carter for prolonging the crisis by ignoring the establishment of a commission on Iranian prisoners "which could have freed the hostages sooner." Twenty-four hours later, in a Washington press

conference, he accused Carter leading Kennedy in *Wash* by 10 percentage points. In the next two, Kennedy lost by just four points.



The good, the bad and the horny

It all began with an obscene phone call. Susan Kennedy, a Minneapolis newspaper reporter, answered the phone and, instead of listening, talked to the caller. He turned out to be a computer programmer. His wife was a nurse on night shift and he was lonely—not horny or kinky. They talked for two hours.

The incident gave Kennedy, 35, and her roommate, Julie Evans, 38, the idea for a research project, but neither had the least suspicion of what they were getting into. Nearly three years later, the two women have received more than 20,000 obscene calls—many at their own request—and have migrated from Minneapolis to California to New York (via Ontario), where they're now finishing a book.

"We placed discarded ads, made two plans, left our telephone number at rooming salons and had people put our number on men's-room walls. We've been through six telephones and three tape recorders," said Evans, who has

taken a year off from medical school. They found a Minnesota professor who makes his calls wearing a mask, and a 69-year-old woman who makes him from a hotel lobby. Their book will have a whole chapter on obscene calls to celebrities.

In the Midwest, most of the calls had stories to them. There were a lot of lonely people. During New York Kennedy and Evans got threatening calls and terror calls. "We also started interviewing people who received calls," said Evans. "Some people are scared for life." There was a 16-year-old woman who became hysterical when a caller told her he could see her in the shower. She was so upset she forgot she didn't even have a shower. But not all recipients were harmed. Junior, an overweight, 34-year-old recluse with no sexual experience, started getting calls from a man who said "I love your body." At first she was furious, but the caller persisted and she started to soften. She liked hearing the words. After a while she stopped sitting there with a bowl of ice cream and started eating fruit or yogurt. The calls lasted for a year and she lost 100 pounds. "Did that caller change her life? Yes he did," says Evans. **Catherine Fox**

into the crisis of the deposed shah. Confronting Kennedy's charge, the Carter administration has never opposed the commission of inquiry, but it was bailing last week on Sen-Car's demand for self-criticism. "Carter was given an opportunity to meet the demand of his press conference when on October 17 he said 'I would not let it get back to me,'" quoted the U.S. to help restore the shah to his throne in 1953 against the popular will of Iran. Repaired Carter: "That's a recent history." On the other hand, there is thought to be no great difficulty about Sen-Car's "other demands" for a prompt of noninterference in Iranian affairs and for a pledge not to obstruct the pursuit of the shah.

Behind the scenes, tales continued and it seemed possible the hostages would be released in time to join Carter's campaign to beat a few November in the next election. However, the Kennedy campaign was delighted with Carter's reaction. The president said Kennedy press secretary Tom Southwick completely destroyed the message he sent today: a credit of being presidential and above the political fray.

By week 2 of the Democratic campaign John White was warning publicly that the latter exchanges might be delaying the party's efforts in November, but Carter didn't seem too concerned. Asked if he and Kennedy were actively helping elect a Republican president, he grinned and moved out. "I'm an incumbent Democratic president. I don't ask for a challenger."

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win the World Cup, it's forgotten in a couple of years. If you win the Olympic gold, you're immortalized."

Canadian dreams of immortality were squandered in the much-don't-remembered competition. Speedskater Sylvia Burke finished 18th in her specialty, the 1,000 metres, ninth in the 500 metres and seventh in the 1,500 metres. "This is my last skating competition," said the 14-year veteran, of her last Winter Olympics. "Maybe I'll try out for the cycling team and see what Europe looks like in the summer!" Men skaters Gustav Boucher and Jacques Thifault finished eighth and 26th in the 500 metres, Craig Wadsworth 20th in the 1,000 metres. Joey Kilbarr and Bob Wilson were 12th in the two-man bobsled, Jan Groenhuizen 27th, Shirley Firth 38th, Angela Behrard 28th, and Sharon Firth 35th in the five-kilometre cross-country. Anneke de Jongers, 15-year-old

Steve Collins, Tazuo Kayiko and Floret Bolay were 28th, 29th and 41st in the 70-metre event. And despite its low finish, the Canadian luge team was more than happy. Bruce Scott's 11th-place finish was the best ever by a North American. Carol Krueger's 28th and Danielle Nadeau's 33rd were the best ever by Canadian women. And for Innsbruck giant slalom gold medalist Kathy Krueger a fifth place in the lady's downhill was her best ever, though small solace for Canada's reality to finance a giant slalom program. Little Louise Graben missed her goal of finishing in the top 10 by 3/100th of a second, but Louise Klotz's 13th was better, too. The figure skating pair of Paul Martin and

Barb Underhill, ranked 11th in the world, finished ninth.

And so the XIII Games continued. Krueger would ski the giant slalom, the figure skaters would skate and dance, the speedskaters race, the bobsledders slide and the hockey team would wait and see. For many, like Ken Bond, it was "work's over, now we can play." Others would wait for bronze but the IOC and the CBC would wait for Carter's deadline for the Soviet evacuation of troops from Afghanistan. The future of the Olympic Games would hang in the balance, the eyes of the world would be focused on this overbooked village, and the atmosphere would be in the background, of course. ♦

Getting there is half the time

"Driver!" said the middle-aged American woman as she barely found a bus that would open its door to her after the men's downhill event at Whiteface Mountain. Whoever the hell organized the thing is out of his mind. It had to be Peter Pan—no one else would have this audacity.

The hundreds of people had walked down the mountain and now stood 10 to 20 deep along a snow-covered stretch, held at bay by line gates that had New York state inspectors. After leaving her accredited writer's, a woman and her daughter obeyed the bus driver from Quebec who ordered by a trooper to clear his door—in the face of the husband of the writer's sister, but no snow-covered woman. "Why can't I open my door?" asked the driver of the all-but-empty bus. Is a brilliant flash of what he once tolda known as Lake Placid logo the trooper should. Because if you open your door, then people will get on the bus.

Outside the village high school that had been turned into a press centre, journalists and photographers hadle. clumping their feet in the sub-zero second hour of their wait for a shuttle bus that was advertised to run every 20 minutes. A Swiss writer told anyone who will take: "I have covered the Olympics, summer and winter, since 1952 and this is the worst damn mess I have ever seen." A New York City writer, his motorcycle was frosted after a little American cop told him 15:10 but he had to clear a driver from the appointed and impromptu rounds (ask it in perspective: "You know these guys are making the Soviets the sentimental favorites."

A weary group of spectators finally gets



Olympic traffic jams: service at gangplank.

on a bus, only to find that the driver is "not supposed to stop" where they want to get off. A collection is taken. The \$50 per sufficiency motivates the driver to stop at a designated high way for the moment it takes for his lighted cargo to depart.

The third driver at transportation had barely been enticed (as the U.S. press transportation officer stalked at spectators, "Olympics are for the media and the athletes," and the Lake Placid Olympic Organizing Committee president, Ron Bennett said suggested that spectators be banned—his office later explained that he was under great stress.) when New York State took over and first Friday Morning Olympians to the rescue, drivers, a management team, computer control and dispatchers at every venue. Fast tumbly took and for the look-up and in a moment of clarity said, "Yes, the system should have been installed long ago." For Presidents it was already too late.

I was the worse night that 4,000 people were stranded at Kaine, New York (journal people were taken to hospital and treated for hypothermia), as were 1,400 at the lake near a state trooper put children

and the elderly in clusters out of the cold but, at night, left hours later, he drove in frustration to a local diner to get coffee. There he found 10 buses parked, the drivers inside. At purpose he ordered the drivers to be at the lake within 10 minutes or he would get them back on the mountain, he said. "After the 10 and up as a guard at Africa, or be dismissed." That night, too, New York Governor Hugh Carey declared what everyone who had ventured near Lake Placid already knew: that the transportation system was in a "state of emergency."

Meanwhile, the driver from Quebec manoeuvred around the trooper and left the stranded husband on. "You have to bring great patience and a sense of humor to this job," he said. Another state trooper, stationed with enough barrels to disarm whatever vehicle had stayed on Whiteface, gives the word that the bus door can be opened. The first passenger, an American, greets the Quebec driver. "Are you running for anything this year? Not, I'd like to vote for you."

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200 DAYS: JOE CLARK IN POWER
by Winston Troyer
Little, Brown and Sons \$7.95

The mass success of instant books that burst onto newsstands and bookstore shelves twice as often after events as based on clever appeals. First, the insatiable public appetite for details of an event so horrible that there is vicarious pleasure in the painful retelling. *Juneteenth* was a prime paperback example. Second, the careful reconstruction of a daring, dangerous act, the Israeli raid on Entebbe. Third, overnight books produced to catch a fad before it fades, a trend before it ends. And, as in



Clark through squinted, disapproving eyes

multiple-choice questions, there is a final obligatory note of the show. It is here that Winston Troyer's written-in-for-a-night 200 Days: Joe Clark in Power fits.

Troyer, who achieved national notoriety as the city's journalist *This Hour Has Nine Lives*, has also written *No Safe Place* (about mercury poisoning) and *Divorced Kids* (from the kids' side). Clark's 200 days, in his mind, were an equally disastrous blight on the face of the earth. He writes of history aborted by the Dec. 13, 1978, vote that plunged the country into another general election. It is a rather sour recollection riddled with minor errors, sufficiently riding to set the mind a-afire about the impermanence of history written on the run.

Troyer's view of Clark is through squinted, disapproving eyes. A "party-by-numbers politician" he calls him, whose government's "passage had been swift, its life short, and its impact slight." He is a man with no secret and no heart. And there is little of his administration to compliment, according to Troyer. The problem is "simply that the old hadn't moved enough." There

was too much detachment, too little feeling, no clear leadership persona. But as Troyer traces the downturn of the Clark administration through Jasper, Jerusalem, Peterson and Perry Court, the book leaves no new ground. Whether he writes of past or present, he dares neither to guess nor analyze. He has, apparently, had access to little not already in public view although he says no information was "supplemented" by conversations with Clark-watchers, civil servants, Clark colleagues, journalists, paper-shredders and cleaning staff. Maybe. Perhaps exaggeration aside, if there is such a group, its members remain anonymous in the book.

As for Dallas Camp, the Porter director of Canadian politics, who writes the preface, his personal appearances are becoming as ritualistic as the groundhog's on his annual February day. And the weekers remain so puzzled after each great event. Was it a clouded view or did the man shine? But, perhaps, or neither. It doesn't matter, because the words will come again next year. Camp, a former president of the Progressive Conservative party—who has been known to hear messages for Clark as prime minister—does write a perceptive preface. The wonder is why he didn't tell Clark about his mistakes earlier. Maybe, as Camp says, "Hindsight is not only smart, but safer."

The collapse, viewed from after and after, was a false place for Troyer, too. In the end, this is not a bad book. Like any instant pudding, it fills a bowl, fills a hole and is then forgotten.

Nickel McQuinn

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

- 1 *Sinful People*, Le Carré (3)
- 2 *Life Before Man*, Atwood (2)
- 3 *Princess Daisy*, Kowalski (2)
- 4 *The Devil's Alternative*, Forsyth (2)
- 5 *The Last Reichsmann*, Stewart (16)
- 6 *The Top of the Hill*, Shaw (3)
- 7 *Babel*, Rohrer (3)
- 8 *Jeopardy*, Penney (3)
- 9 *The Hurricane Circle*, Lyttelton
- 10 *A Right Honourable Lady*, Lasker

NONFICTION

- 1 *The Fourth Man*, Doyle (2)
- 2 *The Embassy*, Weir/Weir/Armstrong (3)
- 3 *The Blue-eyed Beauty*, Foster (2)
- 4 *And No One Sang*, Morse (1)
- 5 *And Ernie's Close Book*, Bernbach (2)
- 6 *Charmaine Churchill*, Swanson (2)
- 7 *How to Invest Your Money and Profit From Inflation*, Chalmers
- 8 *Points of Departure*, Camp (10)
- 9 *White House Years*, Kissinger (7)
- 10 *James Herriot's Yorkshire*, Herriot (4)

(*) Previews included

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A 'Gone With the Wind Machine'

PRINCESS DAZY
by Judith Krantz
(Doubleday, \$16.95)

The ingredients read like a computer printout of everything that has ever made romantic novels sell. Dazy, with her pouty-black eyes and silver-gilt hair, is the daughter of a

pole-jumping Russian prince and an American film star. She has a brooding, Heathcliff-style half-brother, called Sam. She has a Jane Eyre-style Tragic Secret buried in her past. First orphaned and then ravaged, the spunky goddess lands in America where she works hard in advertising and moonlights with the honey pot as a portrait painter. (A Lawrence Sanders of men-scholarism... women-as-porn... runs through the novel, too.) In short, Dazy does everything but make a grown out of the rebel caricature.

This is formula fiction as a grand



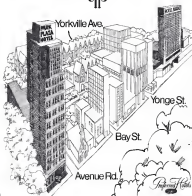
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scale—or at least as grand as the author can manage wrapping with contemporary trappings. Tragedy is triggered by a *People* magazine cover. The men have brutal voices that vibrate with an underlying tenderness. And when the princess falls in love with a captain of industry they ride off in a truck—a rented truck. In this fairy tale, the guy wins that keeps the characters afloat are all clearly visible. Dazy is not only born to glamor; she understands how it works, and what you have to want to make it work. All of which adds up to a cleverly devalued modern romance—a *Gone With the Wind Machine*.

This has in no way diminished the commercial future of *Princess Dazy*, however, Krantz paid a record \$1.2 million for the paperback rights to it, hoping that the predictable success of the modest drag-story porno novel can, in the hands of a skilled author like Judith Krantz (New York), be made palatable. Probably. Although there are too many characters called Tony or Eli, the sexy parts are definitely fun. Krantz is good at voluptuous description and, as a paperback, Dazy may acquire as many turned-down pages as *Peyton Place* once had.

What does it take to construct a modern-day *Wuthering Heights*? Take *A Bride for Dr. Deaky*, update it with *Connoisseur* ambitions and make sure there is plenty of emotion, plenty of feeling but the kind that takes a reader by surprise, but the type that plants the imagination. The answer

Mered Jackson

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When life hangs on a pendant

When Marjorie Martin was widowed last year her son, Brian, worried about her living alone in a mobile home in Langley, B.C. She suffers from a hip problem and Brian, who lives in Vancouver, found himself phoning her constantly to make certain she hadn't fallen. "All these calls were beginning to bug her," recalls the younger Martin, "but it was worse if I didn't get an answer. I panicked then. After tracking his mother by phone all over Langley a couple of times (and finding her safely sitting present), Brian bought them both a friend. Protestant, a highly sophisticated seven-system. Designed as first seen, a year ago by a family firm in Vancouver, it has already fulfilled such a deeply felt need among the elderly that cathedral distribution is about to begin.

A Protestant is a religious transmitter and receiver. The transmitter is in a pocket-watch-sized pendant worn around the neck. If anything happens, the wearer squawks the pendant and a



Greenberg: "Many old people die alone"

signal is sent, up to 200 feet away, to a wooden cabinet containing a dialing mechanism. In the Martin's case, Protestant's premonition voice then telephones an ambulance to request a medical emergency, contacts the manager of Marjorie Martin's trailer court, calls her son and phones back the ambulance to confirm the call.

"You get help at the press of a button," says Nathan Ross, president of Vancouver's International Fontaineaux Inc. and designer and owner of the sys-

tem. "It has already saved lives. The last one I heard about was an 80-year-old woman who fell in the bathtub and broke her hip. In five minutes, there was someone there to help her." Another customer, Clara Greenberg, 75, lives alone in a Vancouver bungalow, her only living relative a sister in Victoria. High blood pressure makes her very nervous about living alone and she is thankful to have Protestant as a constant companion. "It puts me at ease," she says. "Many old people die alone in their apartments three days."

Ross, who has been in the electronics business for 13 years, began work on the system after a government agency suggested something was needed to protect the elderly and inviolate. In the year that it has been on the Vancouver market, Protestant has made some dramatic rescues—an 80-year-old woman in Parksville on Vancouver Island was saved from a late-night assault, and several heart attack victims have received help. That Protestant is priced \$695. Ross is planning now to offer it on a lease basis. He is also hoping to convince the government to include it in medicare coverage, arguing that the machine is cheaper in the long run because it allows the elderly to remain in their own homes.

International Fontaineaux, which is currently capable of manufacturing 1,000 a month, should have distribution shops set up in Toronto, Calgary and

other regions. It is of badly frightened people—especially those who they will be endangering their health by not having a way.

Patients undergoing fluoroscopy—a dynamic x-ray used to examine heart-to-see several angles, as opposed to standard static x-rays—are normally exposed to a continuous beam of radiation for up to five minutes. Doctors watch the activity on a TV monitor and when they see something of interest "snap" a picture of it to submit a permanent x-ray record. This requires an x-ray booth of radiation to the patient in addition to the continuous beam of the fluoroscopy.

Doctors have long known that using a TV camera to get these permanent records would save less radiation than the still camera most units use, but could not find a TV unit good enough. Hynes's team bought a newly developed system with impressive image quality from Siemens Electric Ltd. Then they combined it with a multi-format camera commonly used in brain scans, ultrasound and nuclear medicine. Such cameras put up to nine smaller images on

one x-ray film instead of one big one per sheet. The result is a camera that not only cuts radiation in the "picture-taking" part of fluoroscopy, but saves on x-ray film as well. Pricing early prices have about doubled the price of x-ray film since last spring and the saving in fluoroscopy which accounts for about 25 per cent of the film



Pipes with low-dose x-ray unit built into it



Ross: "Help at the press of a button"

fluoroscope by early March. And although there is a similar device on the California market, the Israelis have agreed to purchase 100 Protestants from Ross and have invited him to manufacture them in Israel for distribution to the Canadian market. Ross's own family is not the least of the beneficiaries. He equipped his 68-year-old mother-in-law in Berlin, Ontario, with one in the year that she has had it. Mary Sennock has fallen twice and been able to summon help. **Suzanne Zwanen**



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Cheryl Hawkes



Linda Lehmans

Lehmans at site of their underground home. Concrete eggs, cemented place

really have to do when planning a house is to look first at the climate, the site and the energy sources available. The engineer and the architect must co-operate from the beginning."

His himself has doubts about going completely underground since his believes an adequately insulated and bermed above-grade house is just as energy-efficient, and the cost of structurally reinforcing an underground house to resist the pressure of the large amounts of earth exerted on its walls is prohibitive. Bill Lehmans' net saving how much his earth palace might cost, but he thinks that, with enough start-up capital, his multi-goal design could be readily mass-produced. Discounting a moratorium for the prototype is the problem, books and loan companies aren't financially competing to lend money for one-of-a-kind homes whose resale value is impossible to calculate.

But prospective land developers and large contracting firms aren't what is because the white knights of earth-sheltered dwellings—or any kind of energy-efficient housing, for that matter. The suburban home owner, not the contractor, pays the heating bill, however, so commercial buildings developers have no motive to dig in and save energy. Because fuel costs are part of the rent. "What we need," says Hix, "is to turn out of energy for a month. It'll take something that drastic—an extended black-out, maybe—to make Canadians realize the necessity of saving energy. The United States has already experienced severe fuel shortages and they're way ahead of us as an energy-efficient housing."

One recent Canadian project will soon be mentioned by the National Research Council for energy conservation. Riverbush School in Brandon, Manitoba, one of Canada's first large earth-sheltered public buildings, went into operation last fall. Four machines narrowed a central corridor area illuminated by a large skylight, a design similar to the central courtyard or "atrium" configuration most popular in U.S. underground houses, three of these integrated modules are built into balconies and are covered with two feet of earth, landscaped so that the school blends in with a surrounding park and children can play on the roof of their school with impunity. The school board is especially pleased with passive student protection and the reduction in vandalism and maintenance costs resulting from fewer exposed surfaces and windows.

With all these benefits, why aren't commercial buildings going underground? Big companies would have no difficulty financing initial costs and would face

the buildings profitable because of quick "paybacks" from energy conservation. In fact, some underground structures believe that energy costs could easily equal as 75 per cent less than for comparable above-grade structures, could be cut in winter to almost all in large underground buildings if proper insulation was installed. The only heat source would be artificial lighting and body heat which would accumulate in it rose story by story, neatly balancing the decreasing and temperatures closer to the surface. The Lehmans will use the same principle to provide extra heat in cool months for a rooftop vegetable garden.

Some commercial structures have been extended underground, the most obvious examples being the computer rooms around subway stations in Toronto and Montreal and the multi-level retail office buildings which after the convenience of climate-controlled shopping but these are located underground only incidentally, and Canada has yet been constructed as equivalent to Subterranea, 444 acres of industrial park housing 20,000 employees in an abandoned limestone quarry below Kalam City, Missouri. The reluctance of business to move underground reflects consumer buying habits, once "going down" holds negative connotations which may be transferred to the goods on sale ("basement basements," for example).

Businessmen also have long been aware that natural light prompts more consumer spending than artificial illumination, just a minor example of how important sunlight seems to be to man's well-being. It is perhaps this characteristic of the primal cave more than any other—darkness and the fear it spawns—that makes people think twice about underground living. Wrongly so, every thousands of apartments for earth dwellers and vicinities like Bill Lehmans. He believes the shape of the living

space can exercise the demons of fear. "It's the fear, oppressive overhead, the square box effect with all these dark corners that does it," he explains. "A human from side windows doesn't completely dispel the darkness but with a rounded ceiling and a large natural light source on top it's like living under the open sky—every part of the room is evenly lit."

The security of a warm enclosed space, the exhilarating feeling of blue sky overhead, a beautiful natural setting surrounded by inconspicuous man-made forms—what could be more ideal? The question may become an answer. The age of mass-produced above-grade private homes, which was made economically feasible by uncontrolled suburban development and cheap fossil fuels, is all but over. Builders too have had their day. In the future struggle for energy and living space, the only way to end up on top may be to go down.



Overhead skylight outside and in, underground grades going up, wandlism going down

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25 Hospitable Years



The slow rise of a rapid-learning system



By Diane Francis

Looking not at all like Russian spies who reportedly used the method to absorb complex secret codes and learn languages in as little as 30 days, students at a University of Toronto French class sit in plush velvet chairs and in a light hypnotic trance breathe in time to recorded music while a voice chants information, reciting dramatically from whisper to shout. Unofficially called superlearning, the system has been around Canada and the United States for more than a decade, but during that time it has also been linked around more than its promoters would like. The reasons are usually the very ones that seem to make it work: in a society raptured on the brainwashing techniques of advertising and bent on having its soap, sex and success all in the time it takes to toast a frozen waffle. However, like pop-up waffles, it is now showing signs of being here to stay.

This spring, after a year of brisk sales in handouts, a paperback version of *Superlearning* will join the scores of how-to titles in bookstores. Two of its three co-authors, Claudette Sheila Desrosiers and Annette Lynn Schroeder (the other is Ouzandor's sister, Nancy), first introduced the system to the West in 1970 in a book called *Psychic Dis-*

coveries *Behind the Iron Curtain*. Called *supergutality* in the Soviet Union and Western Europe, superlearning was developed 30 years ago by Bulgarian psychiatrist Dr. Georgi Lozanov. According to his theory, a relaxed student can soak up knowledge while in a trance, and a teacher can plant post-hypnotic suggestions to enable him to retrieve material instantly on command.

Several dozen universities around the world are now experimenting with superlearning and reporting positive results. In Prof. Louis Mignault's French class at the University of Toronto, students are taught pop-like breathing techniques which are practiced in time to large, or slow, movements by Bach, Vivaldi and other baroque composers. The information to be learned is read three times first by the teacher, then by a taped voice which chants in eight-second cycles (four seconds delivery and four seconds pause), alternating from soft to loud, and finally accompanied by the voice. John Wilson, a North York school principal, took Mignault's course and mastered as much French in six weeks as most university students learn in three years. In Montreal, Canadian Pacific plans to convert all employee French language programs to the method after finding that its superlearning students grasp

French two to four times faster.

However, after spending about \$1 million setting up superlearning courses, Ottawa's Public Service Commission maintains it is no more effective than any other process. To David Sierra, director of the Ottawa Institute for Studies in Education's Modern Language Centre, superlearning is an unproven gimmick. But, he adds, it has some merit because relaxation eliminates emotional blocks which can impair language learning.

The government's program has failed, says Jane Bancroft, one of the method's pioneers and associate professor of French at the University of Toronto, because Bulgarian authorities refused to disclose the full details of how superlearning worked. When authors Ouzandor and Schroeder wrote their *Psychic Discoveries Behind the Iron Curtain*, details about the method were sketchy because neither had been permitted to attend classes. In 1976, the first of several Canadian government delegations went to Lozanov's Institute for Supergutality in Sofia, Bulgaria, eager to use his methods in their bilingual programs for civil servants. Bulgarian demonstrators maintained that comfy chairs and baroque music



Wilson: years telescoped into weeks

were all that were required. However, the government wasn't the only one puzzled. According to the authors, one Canadian university rushed out and spent \$10,000 on beaming chairs, expecting instant miracles.

Bancroft maintains she discovered the complete method by accident, but that Ottawa ignored her advice. Authors Ouzandor and Schroeder persuaded her to investigate Lozanov's institute in 1971. All three distrusted the Bulgarians' insistence that the method was so simple. After meticulously observing a conversation between two East German observers, Bancroft decided to sneak into their class the next day. Once inside, she realized there was a second version—one denied Western-

ers. These students were read material in eight-second cycles, were breathing deeply for relaxation, and the baroque pieces were from large, or slow, sections paced at 60 beats per minute—about the rate of the normal heartbeat. Yet despite her advice and, ultimately, her protests, Ottawa offered its watered-down version in 1975, and this year will spend about two per cent of its \$24-million language-training budget on superlearning, based courses.

Advertisers are already using similar techniques. Repetition, rhythm and recital are also the three l's of commercial production, says Morgan Earl, whose company, Morgan Earl Sounds in Toronto, creates tracks for hundreds of Canadian commercials every year. And composer-musician Lawrence Shrago of Toronto, who now writes jingles for radio and television, says he usually played music as a learning aid while he studied at university.

"Effective ads always plant a subtle posthypnotic suggestion to get viewers to buy products," says Don Schwartz, a professor of psychology at Iowa State University who became convinced superlearning works after conducting a number of experiments in which students using the method were shown to improve significantly. In one case a group of beginning Spanish students learned the language two to four times faster than students using conventional methods. While the program was dropped "because it required more financial support and preparation time for teachers," Schwartz admits that the similarities in advertising also frighten away educators. Says Jane Bancroft: "Sure it's a form of brainwashing. But we show it to influence a generation of kids into buying a lot of junk foods and chasing toys and yet we'll say it to promote them with an education."

Schrago: the commercial sound of music



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Travel **Stowaways: unbooked passage to death**

A Dutch police official called the death of the unknown African stowaway a "unique case for our country," but the old salts in the ports of Rotterdam and Amsterdam know differently. In return for a beer and a bit of grilling, they will spill concerning tales of stowaways being thrown overboard or cast adrift to certain death from ships flying every flag on the high seas.

The incident that motivated the Dutch authorities was the drowning of a stowaway, a Ghanaian of about 25 who had been tossed from the deck of the Dutch reflagged ship *Emmely* near Port Harcourt, Nigeria, in November on the orders of the captain. The case did not come to light until the crew from the *Emmely* returned last month to their home port in Rotterdam and reported it to the Seafarers' Union. Immediately the police arrested the captain, 36-year-old Thomas de Boer, and charged him with "compelling others to commit murder."

But within days de Boer was out on bail after police had run into a stone wall in their bid to complete the case against him by identifying and questioning the seamen who had actually bundled the African over the side at his bidding. "Stowage is a criminal rule in seamen," explained Johan Aalman of the Seafarers' Union. "They will talk in order to get rid of a bad captain but they'll not say a word to incriminate their own kind."

The authorities fear the tale only in some circumstances agree to testify in court, de Boer could get off scot-free. Unpleasant as it may sound, his way of handling stowaways is by no means rare. Rotterdam is presently being galled about the five deaths of a Greek captain named Dimitri Balas who is alleged to have thrown two stowaways overboard and cast others adrift off the coasts of Asia and Africa.

Stowaways have always been bad news to shipping companies because they are bound by international law to provide keep for their unwelcome passengers until they are permitted to land somewhere. This can be a long time in the case of stowaways without papers (the most common type). In some instances stowaways have been doomed to roam the seas for years—today's record is believed to be held by a lone West African stowaway who has been sailing aimlessly aboard a Swedish boat for six

years at the company's expense. In self-protection, modern shipping firms have adopted harsh methods to flush out stowaways. "Before a captain leaves the ports where you find most stowaways—those in West Africa, for instance—he floods his empty holds with water and pumps beer gas into them to clear the ship," says Andrus Van de Kerkhof of the Rotterdam Harbor Police. "Often he gets a dozen stowaways racing onto the deck."

The stowaway commonly used to be a waif who had run away to sea or a story-book figure driven by poverty to seek a new life elsewhere. Today's stowaway, though still dirt poor, is most often black, illiterate, disease-ridden and helpless. Balas hates him like society. Last year alone more than 100 stowaways who had succeeded in sneaking aboard boats were marched into Van de Kerkhof's office in Rotterdam, the world's biggest port. Most were eventually bobbed off to the consular authorities of the countries from which they hailed. At most, 20 who were unable to establish their identity were put back aboard ship. "This can be nasty for them," says an Antwerp harbor official. "Once the crew realizes they are stuck with a stowaway—who is persecuted by the airlines from working aboard ship for his keep—the men can very easily go over the side one night."

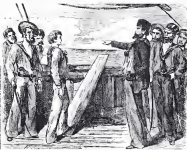
But the bad treatment noted out as



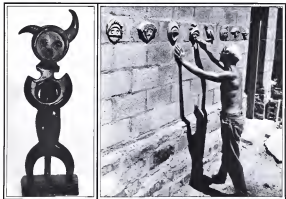
Front: taking wine and getting off light

stowaways would appear to stem more from moral prejudice among seamen than from the absence of a legal safety net or any reluctance to feed seamen mouths. This could be deduced from the case of Jits Fraas, a penniless white American student who stowed away in Italy aboard the Greek freighter *Alexandros* in late December. Once discovered, the 26-year-old Fraas was hauled before the captain, showed up and then, to his amazement, offered food, drink and an officer's cabin with shower all the way to Rotterdam. "When I arrived on New Year's Day there was this fellow from the shipping company on the wharf with money and a free air ticket to New York for me," Fraas said. "It took me a while to understand they were being so jelly because they feared the Dutch immigration would catch on that I was lying and prevent me from landing. If that had happened, I'd still be on that ship."

Peter Lewis



Private flights and phantoms



shel it surrealism, or Dada, or nihilism, or just plain madness, but something emerged in Europe from the wreckage of the First World War that was to capture the minds of a generation of artists coming of age in the 1920s. It was less an idea than a fever: that reason was dead but one could stay alive by reentering into the world of dream and fantasy; that art was dead but a new art could be created that would make its viewers into new awareness by exposing them to images devised up from the subconscious; and that, if you listened carefully, you could learn more about art and living from schizophrenic babble, children's doodles and abnormal fetish-objects than from all the museums and libraries in Europe. Most of the artists who believed the rumor have passed into shadow, where only art historians wander. But of those whose works and reputations survived the death of the rumor at the outbreak of the Second World War—Man Ray, Salvador Dalí, Paul Klee—few have left a legacy as interesting as that of Max Ernst, a major sampling of whose works is now on view, for the

"Moon Man," Ernst and his gargoyle in *Devotion*, the masks of a primitive tribe

first time in Canada, at Calgary's Glenbow Museum.

The Glenbow exhibition (assembled by Director of Art Jeff Spaulding from the private collection of Ernst's son and daughter-in-law, Jenny and Darius Ernst) is an irreverent celebration of Ernst's mature accomplishments, whenever you turn there is one more visionary gateway into his peculiar universe. A 1929 painting entitled *Land-scope With Sun*—done when Ernst was just 18 but already a veteran of university studies in abnormal psychology—depicts a man that belongs to neither, more hostile solar system and a landscape that appears to belong to a planet freshly hatched from the crevice of creation. *Natural History*, a 1926 portfolio of 26 drawings done by rubbing graphite on paper held down upon deeply grooved wood, could be a botanical guide to first life on that distant world. And perhaps Ernst's 1931 collage *Loggia* is a picture of a messenger from "It." In 1930," he wrote, "I was visited

nearly every day by the superior of the herbs, Loggia, my private phantasm.... But the invisible Loggia gives way, in 1934, to a fresco-like, classical oil painting, *The Garden of Hesperides*—a glimpse into another of the exotic worlds Ernst visited in the recklessness of his imagination.

Despite these flights, however, he kept one foot planted firmly on earth. In 1916, the flamboyant, rebellious Dada movement was born in Zurich and Ernst was in the thick of things—especially in Cologne, where he edited and wrote for Dada magazines. In 1923, his collages were shown in Paris, and before the golden age of the avant-garde was ended by the Depression and Hitler, he had married twice, moved in and out of several artistic media, participated in the founding of the surrealism movement and visited Indonesia, remaining throughout a sensual thinker and worker. But in the 1930s, the world that he and his generation had tried to build at his own creation, in open houses, The Marin blacklisted him. In 1935, but far worse was his denigration, first by the French as an enemy alien and later by

the Germans after the invasion of France (At one point he was confined to an enemy airplane.)

In 1948, Ernst's nightmare came to an end after his flight to the United States (aided by his son, Jimmy, and North American friends). The period from 1943 until his death in 1971 was Ernst's second long season of creative work, and from it came the most stunning works in the Glenbow exhibition: the sculptures, which surpass all of the earlier works on view. These smallish pieces in plaster, silver, brass and wood justifiably ignore the sternly reductionist dogma of modern sculpture. There is the clown, quick-changing into a sinister leop in the marvelous plaster work, *Moon Man* (1944). There are the odd leers and howling snarls of the gargoyle-like Ernst crafted in concrete on the under-block walls of his Arizona home, sculptures whose expressions could have been borrowed from the walls of a medieval cathedral or the masks of a primitive tribe. The same anxiety permeates the centerpiece of the Glenbow show: *Capevorn*, a group of anesque grotesque figures made in 1948 on the grounds of the Arizona house, one a long-necked, long-necked and alert female, the other a rural, horned creature whose body forms a throne. Through fragmentary and much deteriorated, Capvorn ent



Ernst: twilight zone between wild and tame

still alternately menace and delight. Like all the sculptures, it inhabits that twilight border zone between waking and dreaming, between the wild and tame, saved from moving into one

or the other by a powerful irony. This eerie ambivalence is heightened by a unique feature of the Glenbow exhibition: the juxtaposition of primitive art objects collected by Ernst from the '40s around with his original works. Credit for this unusual installation—it's the sort of startling juxtaposition the surrealists would have loved—must go to Jeff Spaulding who wanted to share with visitors one of his own surprises. "Before I got the checklist of objects from the Ernsts," Spaulding says, "I never knew these primitive artifacts Ernst collected still existed. But there they were, those phenomenal objects. They and the art made a lot of sense together."

Spaulding's grouping (for example) of Ernst's wonderful little *Moon Man* with two fantastic, horned ceremonial masks from the Ivory Coast makes more than sense. It opens the way past the academic guise of which influenced what, into a glimpse of how the modern and primitive sculptures actually relate. For in that mysterious border region, so full of yawns and analogies, both Ernst's sculptures and the African's fabulous craftwork are fellow citizens. Perhaps it is in this fact that makes this show seem less like just another exhibit of art—and more like a reunion.

John Bentley Mayes

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Ghostly whispers in the ear

LEFTFOOT TRILLOGY
Curated by Ron Hartman
CBC Stereo/FM 10.35

Not even its detractors claim that Robertson Davies' *Deptford Trilogy*—*Fifth Business*, *The Rebel*, and *World of Wonders*—is simple to figure. To some, the series, published between 1970 and 1983, belongs to the shelf next to Herman Melville's *Drop-*

radio drama ever. The cast of 50 includes many of Canada's top actors: Kris Hulse, Joe Culwell, Barry Morse, Martha Henry, Henry Hunter, Douglas Hare—and even Barbara Frum as *Jeit*! *Dropers* Lucie Arnott wrote the score which is effective despite occasional lapses into predictability (at the mention of *Arabian Nights*, we hear an Arabian-type melody). From the overall excellent setting of the first episode *Five Business* stands out as Miss People, the Deptford town barber, played with a goatee, good-natured taciturnity that is comic and convincing. But

the unsettling feeling that comes from reading a work fraught with something which cannot quite be identified, but it is in fact the metaphysical essence of an innocent Bergman film that the elusive essence of a good ghost story. *Fives* are few for horror stories, but ghost tales need to be told, not shown, otherwise their mysterious quality is diminished. Radio's potential is shown to full advantage in *Fifth Business*. It begins with the wind whirling through Deptford, a small Ontario town, in 1908. Percy Boyd Staunton throws a snowball at Duncan Ramsey which hits Mary Dempster by mistake, bringing on the premature birth of her son—the initial set the ball of which the rest of the trilogy attempts to unwind. Ramsey (Eric



well because of its depiction of the journey of a soul through a mythical as it symbolic landscape. Others place it between books on popular theology and the selected works of Swiss psychologist Carl Jung, for Davies presents meditations on us and mankind using the techniques Jung posited out as the eternal reverberations of the psyche of conscious men. Indeed, *The Masterpiece Theatre* Jungian analysis so well and in such detail that it is required reading for some university psychology courses. Others place the books next to John Ford's *The Man of the Year*, which may be a way of praising or criticizing them. With its erudition and complexity have made it somewhat tedious for large-bore audiences (at both Carleton and beyond) who strip the trilogy of its plot to get at its meaning, CBC Radio has gone the other way and created a grand yarn. The CBC is teasing the series, to be heard on four successive Mondays starting Feb. 20, as its most ambitious

credit for the entire production belongs to two-time ALMA award-winner John Hartman who scored a coup by getting the radio rights after the movie rights had been sold (Davies helped with the deal), adapted the books, and produced and directed the series.

By dropping Davies' heavy discourses, Hartman's 30-hour radio version brings forth a fabulous tale. The first episode, which in two hours tells half of *Fifth Business*, preserves

Hause) is the protagonist here, followed through the First World War, through Toronto of the '20s where his relationship to Staunton takes unexpected turns, ending in Europe where he comes upon Mary's son who is the magician in a truly essential. The program evokes his environment as well they seem both palpable and weirdly intense.

The call of mystery is present in this version so that this is the original, where Robertson Davies in his magus beard, like his frighteningly masterful Magnus Magnusson, is the magician who holds all in thrall by the perfection of his mystery. It's just that Hartman's tricky works in a more straightforward manner "It's a damn good story. Let people draw their own conclusions." David Weinberger



Pacino: both the girl and the leather

kind of thing necessary? Perhaps it has a lot to do with the world of cinema.

The demonstrations against the filming of *Cruising* last year in New York may well have achieved the desired effect—Cruising's a mess. With atmospherically suggestive for the first half, it's only exceedingly dumb for the second, having very much the feel of "second thoughts" written over it. The attempted explanation for the murders makes no sense and because the plot has seemingly been tampered with over and over again it becomes murky. No low-grade action fan in his right mind will stand for the kind of confusion in which *Cruising* ends. There may well be no need to worry about the effect it will have on gays; it's just not believable on a cinematic level. Now, all this noise needs is all the publicity it can't get. There's no need to kill it—it has already committed suicide, with a little help from some "screed" word little guys. Lawrence O'Toole

Stupidity's favorite pet

THE CONSEQUENCE
Directed by Wolfgang Petersen

Stupidity's favorite pet is the suspense. First it was the Jews, then the blacks, and lately it's the gays. What's next? People who part their hair on the left side? *The Consequence*, a black-and-white German film showing how a young man's spirit is broken by a society's treatment of homosexuals in the kind of manner that's needed right now, because too little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Yet it will probably be dated in a few years—one guess—just like the racial prejudice patterns of the late '60s and early '70s. It's a time period as an obsolete experience, but not unimportant. Like the play *Next* currently on Broadway, *The Consequence* has a message and it delivers it convincingly, fueled by an endowment and not a terrible amount of imagination.

Martin (Günther Fricke), imprisoned for the seduction of a minor, meets Thomas (Erich Hanauer), the 36-year-old son of a guard. Thomas is an angelic-looking unfurled creature who has no known sexual life, being his constitution in Martin's falls for him. When they try to live together after Martin is released, every variation on gay prejudice rears its ugly head against them. Thomas' parents (who have made a name out of their lives) are

It has its own nasty death wish

CRUISING
Directed by William Friedkin

A disclaimer at the beginning of *Cruising* announces that the small segment of gay life it so graphically shows is not representative of the gay world as a whole. So, it's actually representative of the religious life. As John Crawford was once loved to say: "Where is hiding when?"

The real attitude toward gays in this over-publicized piece of it is expressed by police captain Paul Bonaville who sends patrolman Al Pacino out into the streets to investigate a series of brutal murders set in the heavy-leather, after-hours New York gay scene. Obviously, scenery well and being largely liberal, he tells Pacino that guys are "screed," would little guys don't know why

they have to do what they do." That's hardly shocking. It might be instructive to remember that the gay character played by Jack MacGowan in Friedkin's *The Exorcist* was looked upon as lonely, alcoholic and pathetic—and was the first to get banged off by the Devil in *Miss Blue*. Further wisdom arises from the fact that the only gay character in *Cruising*, who isn't into S&M or the like, seems killed off (unofficially at the end). There's a nasty death wish loose in this movie.

Friedkin has taken Gerald Walker's original novel and made a new's case from a new's case, except that the cop on the look here to have doubts about his own sexuality while on the case. In the movie, Pacino ends up with his girl and his leather regalia, and if that's a pangue of sexuality or ambiguity then there'll be more on *First Island* this summer. Friedkin has an evil talent for creating dread for its first hour. *Cruising* is equally powerful and offensive. Its luridness in everything that's hard about the after-hours scene, the camera seems to take great pleasure in showing the first murder, being as it is explicitly filmed. Why, oh why in the world of entertainment, much less art, is this

In the end, Joe's suicide squad did the Tories in



By Allen Fotheringham

A last official press conference, interim Prime Minister Charles Joseph Clark was asked by Gail Morris, the short, blonde reporter-wife of tall, blonde Saskatchewan S.O.P. MP Larry Nyren, whether he believed in the minor Tory leader, the new of Thomas Hobbins that the life of man is "naughty, brutish and short." He extended it to "political life." Joe Clark, with the ineffable chuckle that did him as much harm as anything, dated it off and said the campaign scribbles—an exhausted as he was—that he would see them in his own official capacity next week. Hardly a man, woman or person in the room believed him.

The next day—ah, the next day. It is hard to believe anything more and in the history of politics there to spend the last day of an election, on a Saturday, travelling through rural Quebec, on a bus, as a Tory leader. Through St. Jérôme, through Joliette, through the treeless wastes of Berthier-Maskinonge in a fruitless attempt to save the doomed Robert de Cotral, Clark valiantly plowed as like a shell-shocked refugee from the trenches. Why was he spending his final hours in barren Quebec, after flying all the way to Halifax and back the previous night? Why, one might ask, Jerusalem, Peterson, that cabinet and that budget? Why did he pick the first place those people who entranced him, endorsed, on such a futile suicide route?

It was painful, in the final days, watching a stoutly brave Joe Clark go through the motions, in fact reviving himself up far more of his best performance of the campaign. What was even more painful was imagining the thoughts coursing through the heads of Rob Coates of Nova Scotia, never defeated through 10 elections; George Houn, first elected in 1980, Alvin Hamilton, who entered the House of Commons. Allen Fotheringham is a columnist for the *FP News Service*.

in 1967. None of them, of course, had been admitted to the Clark cabinet—and none of the other old third cove. That just one of them, as a token gesture to the old guard, was not assigned was only one of the overly ambitious goals by the suicidal gang that guided the Clark decision. For Coates, for Houn, for Hamilton, after sitting in the wilderness for 16 years, what was happening in the campaign of 1980 was somewhat akin to seeing your teen-ager



entrusted with your brand-new car for a spin around the block and returning shamelessly with nothing but the steering wheel. On the day that Ken Bond bursted out on Windsor Mountain at Lake Placid after just 15 seconds, one showed Tory shrugged and said, "Joe Clark is the Ken Bond of politics."

In a new book which coincided with the campaign, Queen's University political scientist George Perlin argued that Clark's party has been as long set of power that it has acquired a permanent minority complex. In *The Tory Syndrome*, he makes the point that many in the party actually enjoy being in the Opposition, that the party always has trouble attaining imaginative reforms because of its longtime reputation of intellectualitis.

In the final end, Joe Clark responded—not as a prime minister but as a man. Unaware of himself in a new political world which places such importance on physical grace and assurance, he has

long been under the mental mastery of Lowell Murray, now the Senator from Newfoundland, and latterly has been guided by Nefflin, an ex-Liberal whose main thrust in life is to get even with the Grits—not a high purpose in life. His partner, Allan Gregg, was wildly inaccurate in his assessment that Clark could capitalise on a defeat on the budget. His supposedly loyal senior Tories, Bill Owen and Peter Longhead, let him twist in the wind with their supposed commitment from Florida and Miami.

So Clark, in the end, decided to bathe in what was left to the only major rally of either leader in Toronto (after the 1979 disaster of Maple Leaf Gardens, the bloody Tradesmen shocked the city they needed to visit, the Tories failed the usual smoke event in a concrete tomb known as the Esplanade Olympique. With a mild, euphoric Tory phalanx working itself into false frenzy solely for the TV camera, Clark gave himself a reward. He lowered himself into the airplane, like a man entering a hot tub, and wallowed in the warmth. While senior aide Jim Gillies snatched rapidly snatching himself across the throat with his head in frantic signals, Clark ignored it all and played into the prize, unable to pry himself away for 50 minutes while newspaper, wire service and television deadlines disappeared.

The next night, in Halifax, it was the same—a closed Conservative crowd, not a vote in the ball to be changed, only the ego of an abused man to be soothed. He rambled, he stretched, he could not find an end, he did not want an end to the cheer. It was, as in the final day in Quebec, a personal matter beyond the control of his handlers or the demanding schedules of the press. He abandoned his notes and unburdened his feelings—in need of the psychic speaking he got. In a long campaign, in a short career, Joe Clark was most appealing at the end, when he finally asked for affection and got it. He didn't win either way.

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